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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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Price Ten Cents.



SHE HAD BEEN THERE HERSELF.

A LAST PAGE FROM THE HISTORY OF AN ARTIST'S MODEL; HOW THE BRUSH OF GENIUS AWAKENS MEMORIES IN A FORGOTTEN SOURCE.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
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A FREE GIFT SUPPLEMENT.

With No. 285 of the
POLICE GAZETTE OF NEW YORK,

which will be published on Feb. 27, 1883, we shall present, free, a superb supplement sheet, 33x40 in., suitable for framing, giving pictorial illustration of the last round of each fight in the prize ring career of the world's famous pugilist, Tom Sayers. This we promise shall be the most perfect specimen of the engraver's art yet issued from the POLICE GAZETTE establishment, which has already won a high reputation for superb work. The demand for No. 285 of the POLICE GAZETTE with which this superb supplement is to be given away will be, undoubtedly, very great, and therefore the increase of orders of agents and subscribers should be sent in early.

The POLICE GAZETTE is now Returnable to the Trade. Dealers should always keep a supply on hand.

RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

WHAT a "phook!" Jay Gould trying to teach Bennett journalism. Well! We should guffaw!

If imitation is indeed the sincerest form of flattery, how highly flattered the POLICE GAZETTE should feel.

HERE we are again, chipper, saucy, prosperous, bigger than last week by several thousands of circulation and still growing. Aren't we a healthy youngster?

SEDUCTION cases begin to crop out very plentifully in Brooklyn, and their quality is fully up to the standard of other seasons, "the best families" being involved.

As saucy as ever? You just bet we are! And as rough and tough too. We handle things without gloves still, although we have changed our residence to a palace.

Look out for No. 285 of the POLICE GAZETTE, with which will be given away a pictorial supplement, for framing, illustrative of the heroic episodes in the prize ring career of Tom Sayers.

THERE have been two cases reported of passenger steamers on fire at sea lately. In each of these the passengers escaped unharmed. Look out for the third; it will cap the climax with a roasting. Dead sure. The third is the awful charm.

SUCKERS have been very scarce in New York this winter, and the dry goods trade has not been as lively as usual in consequence; for the gay girls, lacking their prey, haven't been able to accumulate the necessary boodle for shopping expeditions on the usual grand scale.

WHY don't the English lords who go about Union Square offering to back English actors to fight American "hamfatters" do the thing properly? Why don't they visit the POLICE GAZETTE office and leave a challenge with a money forfeit. That's the way to do it.

WE are anxious to learn how Oscar Wilde is going to explain to the inquiring British reporter at home how it was that the bunco men of New York took him in. Oscar has had the entire time of his trip homeward to invent a lie, and it should be a daisy specimen of mendacity.

THOSE awful dramatic critics are guying Col. Mapleson, of Her Majesty's Opera, terribly. They even have the assurance to grimly congratulate him on Dotti sticking to him and on her determination to be with him next season. This is rough on the Colonel all around. She will never leave her Micawber.

THE POLICE GAZETTE will give away with its issue No. 285, ready February 27, the largest pictorial supplement ever gotten up in this country, being equal in size to the whole paper, illustrating the last round in each of Tom Sayers' fights, with a fine central portrait of the great pugilist.

WITH No. 285 of the POLICE GAZETTE we shall present, free, to our readers a pictorial supplement of the life and battles of Tom Sayers that will prove worthy of our high reputation—and that is saying a great deal.

A "BUSTED" manager who has just walked into Union Square, distancing all his artists in the railroad-the go-as-you-please, says his company got drunk to a man—also to a woman—on New Year's day, and the whole gang went to pieces. True, he says every one was on a "hurrah," but it wasn't cheering, after all.

THE mock auction business is booming in New York again, and not only countrymen but thoroughly seasoned city folks are taken in by it. The swindling fraternity have evidently got a preponderance of brain on their side as compared with the honest and simple minded portion of the world on which they prey.

THE Passion Play license, having been refused to Salmi Morse by two successive Mayors, he is now to enforce his undoubted right by an appeal to the law. Why don't they let the sheeny play his wretched drama and let the mob of Christian bigots get at and crucify him for a tableau? This will settle the matter satisfactorily all around.

THEY call the new burlesque, "Virginia," presented at the New York Bijou Theatre an opera. Well! What a tumble for art. When John Brougham's "Pocahontas" was first produced it was a better and equally original musical specimen, while its dialogue, of course, was something away beyond the wretched cackle of the later work. Opera! They call this opera! Well, where will the cheek of these London sheenies find a limit?

THE foreign dramatic ring has got another grip. The sheeny opera, "Virginia," catches the multitude with a lot of catchy old English jig tunes transcribed and twisted about for the purposes of disguise. Our clever native composers are foolishly wasting their time trying to compose something really original while the cunning London Jews are playing the game for all it is worth by doctoring up old tunes. The public is an ass in art matters, and the sooner our composers and artists generally learn that fact and act on it, the better it will be for them.

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know why we are so severe on German dramatic art in Gotham. Let us answer. Because it isn't art at all, but a limping pretense—a dodge of the beer dealers so that they may "get into" the German public—and the American, too. No German paper has the courage to lay a heavy hand on this wretched German Thespi and tear the mask from it, so we have turned aside a moment to have a whack at the tawdry tinsel lay figure. That's all there is to it. The German companies of New York are cheap imitations. Genuine art can be recognized in any language, for its tongue is universal. The beer saloon Thespi speaks an unknown dialect, not that universal language. Hence our protest and our kicks.

To several advertising correspondents. It isn't likely that Mace's Maori champion is going to underrate John L. Sullivan. He shall not be advised by us to think lightly of the attainments of the sturdy young man from Boston. Sullivan has proved his merit, and no one who ever faced him with the gloves ever depreciated him in his after judgment. Therefore, if Slade is all he is represented as a fighter he will find Sullivan fully up to his reputation—a terrible hitter and a game fighter all through. We don't propose to talk. Sullivan has proven what he is. We propose to give Slade the chance to distinguish himself by encountering the best fighting man this country has produced. That's just our position. All for sport, with naught of prejudice and inspired by the principle, "May the best man win."

THE parsons, after the authorities got through, took in hand the self-confessed murderers, Mrs. J. V. Stillwell, of Mount Vernon, Ohio, and they "rattled" her, you bet. They pictured the tortures of hell, and represented themselves as accredited agents of the Almighty, authorized to guarantee her pardon and a place in a back seat in Heaven in case she gave them further confessions. In the assurance that they were giving it to her straight, and that this was the only way to make herself solid with the gate-keepers of the heavenly preserve and get passed in, she made more horrifying revelations than ever. Wait till these old religious ticket scalpers meet the shade of that murderess wandering on the misty shores of the dismal Styx. How will they account to her for having swindled her by palming off a counterfeit free pass to the celestial choir gallery? This bunco system of theology should be frowned down. It's carrying the parsons' swindle a little too far for even the credence of the most thick headed of the true believers.

THE horse season was so profitable last year that the turfmen are already gloating over the prospects of the spring meetings in the North, while the South is already bursting into equine bloom in New Orleans.

SALMI couldn't get the Grace to license his Passion play, so he got in a passion himself and appealed to the law. Now the lawyers will get all that remains of the boodle and will end with dividing up the "props" of the biblical drama among them. The author will figure in the final tableau himself, for the shysters will crucify him or we're much mistaken.

THE winter horrors of the West are even more horrible than usual. In addition to the regulation number of freezings on the prairies and thrilling wrestles with the blizzards there comes the story of the mother who, being pursued by wolves in an Idaho wilderness, escaped only by throwing her child to the brutes. Who will say that truth isn't a match for fiction any time after reading our detailed account of this awful experience?

THE frozen Niagara has quite ceased to be a feature of the winter for those who are seeking diversion. The thieves of that locality have at last made the lovely spot forbidden ground. It's a pity the place couldn't be fenced in and all its present residents left to starve. It might be opened in a decade for the burial of the dead and colonization by a different and more honest breed of human beings.

A YOUNG man who claims to be the pupil of a celebrated actress and who (the young man, mark) "has a most marvelous emotional voice," advertises in the Herald for a chance to star in such strong dramatic roles as Nancy Sykes, Media and the regular round of female emotional parts. Well! This is getting the thing down fine! Who in the devil's name would like to see a young man in "female emotional roles?" Who can it be? Is it possible Jimmy of the Kiss is going to shake off that moustache, take to skirts and corsets and give us his idea of emotional acting?

THE small fry imitators of the POLICE GAZETTE who have rushed into the field and copied us in their rude way are becoming sadly discouraged and out of pocket because they have not met with our success and our profits at once. The idiots! They thought it the easiest thing in the world to accomplish our feats. They failed to possess them of the first and indispensable principles of our magic, viz.: journalistic tact, enterprise, honesty, fearlessness, and brains at the back of all. Lacking all these, the imitative efforts of our would-be rivals are to the POLICE GAZETTE as a clumsy manikin is to the perfect living man, instinct with vital energy and intelligence to the full of the measure.

THE POLICE GAZETTE is now preparing a supplement for framing which, as a work of art will shame all the pretentious illustrated papers in the country—to say nothing of the liberality of making it a free gift to the readers of the great sporting journal of the world.

Do the out-of-town papers know the racket that is worked by the female correspondents they pay to furnish New York gossip? Perhaps they don't care a darn whether there's a racket or not, but we only ask for a flyer, anyhow, and we don't care a darn, either, although we'd like to stir up this crooked female feature of the press, just for the fun of the thing. It might lead to some of the papers taking back "sassy" tows, and we're just spolling for a fight with some of our big brethren of the daily press all over the country. We'll be as big a starter to the best of them, if they give us a chance, as Sullivan was to the best of the fighters when he came on the scene; and we'll knock out our antagonists in journalistic fashion just as decisively as he did in his style. Try it on with us, some of you.

AMERICA is getting a reputation over the water. Not an English actress can come here and escape the mashers. If she is single she is taken away from her "ma"—if married she is stolen from her husband. The latest case is that of Augusta Roche of D'Oyley Carte's opera troupe, now playing in New York. The masher fell in with her and to further his aims employed a lawyer to persuade her that her husband was having a racket and that she should go on the same lay. To this end he volunteered to procure a divorce for her. The husband checked the operations by "taking water" and reconciling his wife on New Year's day. There are lawyers who do a regular theatrical business for the mashers by separating actresses from their legal guardians. These legal procurers deserve exposure and a kick or two, and some day we may take it into our head to make the boot application. We'll do it liberally when we start, depend upon it.

SOME FUNNY BUSINESS.

Scintillations of Humor and Alleged Wit, Culled from Many Sources.

JOSH BILLINGS says: "Next to a clear conscience for solid comfort comes an old shoe."

THE lady trapezists are green with jealousy over a newspaper paragraph that tells of a bride who "walked in on her father's arm."

THEY do say that the first question asked by a deacon visiting Egypt was, "Now, what were the real facts of the Potiphas scandal?"

AN exchange says: "There will be no pronounced loud styles this winter." Don't you believe it. The style of snoring will be just as loud as ever.

A SKATE seven feet long and five feet broad was found on the coast of England. Is it possible that a Chicago girl has been trying the ice in that vicinity?

"UNITED at last!" cried the Chicago bride and groom after a long courtship. "Untied at last!" cried the Chicago bride and groom after a short matrimony.

"MAY I hope" was on the lozenge that he handed to her, and when she crossed out the "I" and "e" and wrote "Yes, you" before the "May," he used both legs.

"Boy, I'll teach you to tear your pants," said an irate Austin parent swinging a strap, "I'll teach you." "Don't hit me, pa, I know how already. Just look at 'em."

A WAG, speaking of a friend whom he suspected of living altogether beyond his means, observed that he believed he "would owe several thousand dollars after all his debts were paid."

AT the bottom of an order for a lot of goods lately received by a firm in Liverpool from a Dublin house was the truly Irish note bene: "Send the whole at once, and the remainder afterward."

"MISS BROWN, I've been to learn how to tell fortunes," said a young fellow to a brisk brunette. "Just let me have your hand, if you please." "La, Mr. White, how sudden you are! Well, go and ask papa."

"I HAVE paid my bill, the cook, head waiter my waiter, the maid, head hallman, bell boy and porters," he said to the hotel clerk in leaving, "and now I'd like to borrow \$10 to get my family back to New York."

A GOOD old Quaker lady, after listening to the extravagant yarn of a person as long as her patience would allow, said to him: "Friend, what a pity it is a sin to lie, when it seems so necessary to your happiness!"

"Now, my dears, you must do as the Romans do," said old man Scroggins to his daughters on their arrival in Italy. And the first thing the girls saw was a boy trying to stand on his head in the corner of a railway station.

"YES," said Deacon Snaggs, "that fellow stole my horse, but I shall not prosecute him. He traded the animal to that confounded old scamp, Zeke Hasham, for \$200 more than it was worth, so I forgive him the theft."

CONCERNING the insane Rochester girl, who gets out of bed at midnight and goes to work sawing wood in the back yard, it is said that her father deeply deprecates her insanity, but always leaves the wood-pile handy for her to get at.

SHE admitted to her mother that the young man had made a very strong impression on her. "Yes," remarked the old lady, "I can see where the impression mashed the lace flat as a clean napkin. Don't let it happen again."

A CHAP in Canada wanted to explode two pounds of powder in the water to kill fish, but after coming down from a trip over the nearest trees, followed by the splinters of his skiff, he decided that the old fish pole way was the safest.

"YOU know I am a member of the fire department," said Biggs, "and if I find your young spark in the house, it will be my duty to put him out." "But, father," replied his daughter, "if you do, like as not I shall have a new flame within a week." Biggs limbered up immediately.

"WHY did you speak to that policeman? Are you acquainted with him?" asked Milligan's wife as she and her husband were walking home from the theatre the other night. "Oh, no! I don't know the man," replied Milligan; "it was simply my duty as a citizen to see if he was awake."

"MY dear child, you and your husband should never quarrel in this fashion. It is very bad form and wholly unnecessary too. You should always endeavor to please him—never to want anything he does not want." "That's just what the trouble is! I want to be master—and so does he!"

A SCOTCHMAN, having hired himself to a farmer, had a cheese set down before him that he might help himself. After some time the master said to him, "Sandy, you take a long time to breakfast." "In troth, master," said Sandy, "a cheese o' this size is nae sae soon eaten as ye may think."

A FASHION item states that birds' heads, wings, tails and breasts of various sizes and sorts, will be seen this winter on dresses as well as bonnets. Nothing is said about another part of the bird, i.e. the bill, but no doubt that will continue to be the most prominent feature of both dress and bonnet.

THE practice of blowing out one's gas previous to retiring should be discouraged. It is undoubtedly a sovereign cure of insomnia, but should never be indulged in by persons in normal health. If you would arise in the morning bright and early, rested and reinvigorated, turn off your gas before going to bed; never blow it out.

WHEN a colored man complained before a Delaware judge that at a recent whipping he received at the Sheriff's hands one more lash than the sentence called for, his honor mollified him by saying that when he again came up for sentence the extra lash would be deducted. There is nothing mean about that judge, and the colored man, it is presumed, has stolen a pair of boots or something ere this to square things.

A BOOK agent wandered into a Powers museum the other day, and talked to a wax figure of General Jackson three hours, trying to induce him to subscribe for a work in one hundred and forty-two parts, price fifty cents each—no subscription taken for less than the entire work. "Well," he said, as he turned to go, "if you didn't want it, why didn't you say so two hours ago?"

STAGE WHISPERS.

A Fresh Outbreak of Nasty-Minded Green-Room Gossips.

The Illness of a Popular Young Actress made the Subject of the Most Spicy Scandal.

WHAT a "frost!" That performance of "Ours" by Wallack's snide English company. We have seen immeasurably superior acting of all the parts, including Wallack's, by the "Amaranth" amateurs in the Brooklyn Academy of Music.

SALVINI will make only a short season this time. He will begin his farewell engagement at the New York Academy of Music on Feb. 19. We knew he'd be "all broke up" with two American leading ladies. The great Italian rather overestimated his powers, we suspect.

THE Canadian authorities have taken to the policy of taxing the musical instruments of nigger minstrel bands that cross the border from the United States. Canada is determined to discourage that nuisance in the form of art. Oh that there were some such relief for us!

DALY is preparing for representation at his theatre Colley Cibber's "She Would and She Would Not." Isn't this title a reflection on a provoking escapade of old Slime lately? Rough on the old man when even his son-in-law goes back on him in public and fires innuendoes at his moral character.

THE San Francisco snides led by Birch and Backus are luring in the countrymen yet with their vile show and filling the lunatic asylums with the victims of their alleged wit. Their last funny (?) feature, a burlesque on Gilbert & Sullivan's "Iolanthe," is the worst yet. The friends of these alleged burnt cork artists should take them in charge at once, for the last brain they had between them is evidently going.

JOE WHELOCK has made a hit in his new play "The Indians." His acting is superb but the name of the play is enough to "hoodoo" the whole thing. He should change it at once to something striking, piquant and expressive. If he takes that piece of advice from us he will be able with his undoubted talents to float the play successfully through more than one season. We are glad he has succeeded. He deserves success.

ALICE DUNNING LINGARD will hide all her magnificence under the aegis of Paron Mallory next season, having been scooped in by the Mallory Jews. Has she smashed the parson or what? And what is to become of Lingard? Is it to be a "me too" arrangement and is he to do his variety "biz" in the sanctuary or is he to get the grand shake from Alice when she goes into the cloister opened to her by that downy cove, the parson?

THE revival of the "Corsican Brothers" at Booth's Theatre, with Charles Thorne heading the cast as the star, was a success. The signs of bad management are visible, however, in the overcrowding of the stage with expensive people who are no good in heightening the general effect and who don't draw a dollar. Thorne is the feature in spite of every attempt to swamp him with ballet people and high-priced actors in the other parts.

THE Rev. Geo. C. Miln has made a hit as an actor. His great parts are *Hamlet* and *Richard III*. In the latter especially he has caught on with a firm grip. He has evidently got into his proper element this time and will win fame and dignity the dramatic art. We await his debut in New York with impatience. If he be all he is represented he can be sure of a good send off from us, but if there is anything bogus about him look out—we'll tear him all to pieces.

As we predicted, Octave Feuillet's new drama, "A Parisian Romance," is a "go" at the Union Square Theatre. It's about time a success was scored there, for nothing but failure has befallen it this season before that production. Cazeuran has "doctored" the play in parts but even he could not spoil the admirable work; it is too strong for him. The male portion of the company in the cast is not strong and only just pulls through. A leading man is sadly needed at this theatre.

WALLACK has demonstrated by his last engagement at his own theatre that it is time he should retire from the stage altogether. His methods are of an olden time and his mauling mannerisms have lost their "mashing" magic. Just you "get up and get it," Lester, as lively as your rheumatic limbs will let you, for your day has passed and if you delay you stand a pretty fair chance of being set up as the ridiculous figure typical of "superfluous Lags." Stand not upon the order of your going but "git."

THEY'VE frozen Tom Keene out of the Cincinnati dramatic festival because Barrett wouldn't play if he were added to the cast. This is only the beginning of the trouble. Just wait till the women get at it. Then won't there be a circus? If they can't all play Juliet on the same night there'll be no show. We wouldn't be the manager of that festival and undertake to settle all the wrangles for a title deed to the dramatic temple in which the "great artists" are to establish their bear garden.

It is reassuring to learn that Jack Studley is going to star and that a "distinguished dramatist" has written a play expressly for him. We mustn't "holer" before we are out of the woods however, for there is no dead certainty that the distinguished dramatist aforesaid will not lug in the old cut and dried prologue with a mining gulch and a lot of red shirted heroes. That is generally the way with the distinguished American dramatist and we have no proof that the animal is going to change its spots at the behest of Mr. Studley.

MARY ANDERSON is back in New York with about fifty laurel wreaths and a dozen scrapbooks filled with the columns of gush written about her by the emotional scribblers of Kentucky. There's nothing like having a doctor for a step-father when you're on the stage. No actress should be without one. It's old Ham. Griffin who knows how to dose the public and make it see plain things with a heavenly halo about them. This success of Mary's is more step-father than artist—that is apparent. "Ham" should double his salary at once after these achievements.

LORD MANDEVILLE is making himself very fresh about Union Square in the Lambs' Club, with his mouthings against Americans and American actors. He is the backer of the Osmond Tearle faction and is very free in his offers to back his men. A round dollar is his figure and he shakes the sum defiantly before the poor native actors in the bar rooms without any danger of having it covered. If he is anxious to match Mr. Tearle or any other of the mob of snide actors why doesn't he address himself to Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, the legitimate authority in such matters. There is no doubt that Mr. Fox, as the representative of sports in America, will back an American actor in a set-to with one of this cancelled cockney gang for any amount the blatant lordling may feel like risking. "Mybud" talks too much. Now let him send his money to the POLICE GAZETTE office and see how soon it will be covered, or else hold his peace, pocket his money and take a back seat.

THAT wretched bad actor, Osmond Tearle, is going to have a very rocky time of it in this country, all because he thought all Americans "swine" and said so. He was mistaken. We export all our hogs when we get a chance and import asses of his calibre "for breeding purposes," which accounts for the fact that our managers' sons are nothing definite—a mixture of the mule quality—with just enough instinct to nibble the clover from the field of the Fire Fund and the Actors' Fund, planted and enclosed for them by an indulgent American public. We can tolerate the importation of asses of this Osmond Tearle breed and can close our ears to their brayings. We can witness the blandishments awarded them by our thoroughbred society mares, with all the consequences, amorous and obstetric, and shrug our shoulders in contempt, but when these ridiculous British animals begin to kick up their heels and threaten to clean out the pasture we are going to open our batteries on them and give them red-hot shot.

THE German drama under the beer saloon management is still progressing at two theatres in New York. The whole course of proceedings is snide and the quality of the alleged "talent" furnished in these "kraut" smelling temples of Theatres is very much "off." How can these merchants in beer foam maintain themselves in their high art position before the German public without having the benches torn up and decayed vegetables thrown at the actors? Herr Barnay, a German tragic actor of some note, but of no calibre beyond mediocrity, undertook an engagement at the Thalia lately, but the quality of the company and the flavor of the temple were too much for him. He promptly got sick and refused to play. The managers said it was a sore throat but it is more likely it was a case of nausea—a turning of the stomach in consequence of the unwelcome surroundings. It would make anyone sick to find himself in a kitchen surrounded by scullions, when he expected to find himself in a palace parlor, surrounded by princesses and the odors of patchouli. That's what's the matter with Barnay.

THE Langtry "funny business" is still progressing. The western reporters are giving the Lily a terrible raking down but it is all in the nature of advertising and makes the money come in plentifully. Freddie Boils aids the advertising racket by sending indignation cards to the papers concerning his relations with the Englishwoman, Fred. Schwab has been engaged to look out for the Langtry's interest, to carry her satchel and write Freddie Boils' cards to the papers, when it is necessary to keep the ball of scandal rolling. This was a cunning move of Schwab's. He acted in the same capacity to Sarah Bernhardt, being employed by Abbey. He was too fresh in advertising himself as the manager and leaving his employer out in the cold, so Abbey discharged him and threatened to drive him out of the business altogether. In this little dry goods man of Toledo, succeeded for a time; but Schwab worked on the Lily's friends in England and finally succeeded in arousing her suspicions regarding Abbey. Then she was induced to appoint Schwab to take care of her money and to count up the receipts and see to it that she gets her full share. This will make things exceedingly lively in the Langtry company, for Abbey at once put on his war paint and he and Schwab have dug up the hatchet. The Lily will believe there's really a hell—and that it is located on earth—before she is ready to take her homeward trip with the bales of greenbacks she is gathering from the sucker Yankees. You just bet.

THE green-rooms and the boudoirs of the dramatic "sets" are ringing with most vicious scandals directed against Miss Lillian Russell. This young woman has been running things with so high a hand artistically and withal is so pretty in form and feature that she could expect no mercy at the hands of her sex if she chanced to go wrong. She has been the devil to manage and has not kept faith with either the public or her manager. She has acted on the "don't care a damn principle" that no human being of either sex or of whatever beauty can afford to adopt in business. She has moreover taken up with decidedly off color company—a set of flatterers, "canoodling" young men with more money than brains, who have made no secret of the fact that they were plotting against her virtue. Miss Russell played these fellows for all they were worth, which she had a right to do, for they are the fair game of pretty actresses, and scooped in their rich presents and we are gallant enough to believe her assertion that when they became too broad and bold she gave them the grand bounce. She was very reckless in her conduct, though, and allowed the public to see too much of the sniffling of the pack of biped poodles and pugs that clustered about her, led by their base animal instincts. This was a little too broad and "joggy" for public exhibition and Lillian was to blame for allowing her vanity to get the better of her to that degree that she encouraged the "bench show" of the ill-bred millionaire dogs. Now when she has disappeared from the scene of her triumphs her female rivals and very dear friends are eager to draw the broad inference for which she has given them the chance by her reckless conduct. What they hint is perfectly awful on Lillian. They say her illness is really—But no, we cannot put it in cold type. We prefer to leave it to the conjecture of the wise and worldly of the POLICE GAZETTE readers. So broad and decided have become these stories, indeed, that the lady's physician has at last been appealed to to come to the front with a statement that will settle the gossip once for all. He writes accordingly that Miss Russell's illness is "only such as might happen to any lady." Jes' so, judge. The gossip agrees with you. It strikes us old Bolus might have been a little less ambiguous while he was about it. Far from quelling the storm of scandalous gossip it has only height-

ened it and given the green-room coterie a chance to add an epigrammatic flavor to their wit. The very actresses who have howled the loudest against the dramatic critic of this paper are the loudest and most ungenerous in their treatment of Miss Russell. They simply prove what we have said of them—they are a vicious, nasty-minded set.

MR. WILLIAM HENDERSON, of the Standard Theatre, N. Y., is a good natured old gentleman, the luridly of whose hirsute adornments conceals most effectively the ravages of time. He is a Providence, R. I., Yankee, who believes in a special Providence for himself and is cunning enough to work it out for himself, jumping in at the proper time to put his shoulder to the wheel when the machinery of his theology fails to move from lack of oiling. No experiments in theological magic could fail if he had chanced to find his lot in life cast in the pulpit instead of the manager's office, for he would be just the fellow to rush in behind the curtain and hurry up the heavenly forces in the projection and climax of their miracles. Old Billy is nothing if not fresh. He'd rush in where angels would fear to tread and he'd boss the whole shop and possibly "play roots" by getting a patent on the machinery of the miracle mill. Oh, he's a fly one, this chap of the lurid headpiece. He looks young and soft and sappy but he isn't—he was born old and those who whittle sticks with him are dead sure to find it out to their cost. This wily old cove was the first to detect that the English dramatic boom was going to sweep the boards and plunged into Anglican manners and methods head over ears. His theatre has been the very temple of the English "fakes." The snide singer, the bum actor and the cockney agent all find a harborage there and Henderson's red head is the beacon that guides the hungry cockney artists from their starvation salaries in London to fat places in this despised land. It is Henderson who sends to London to get Mr. Arris as stage manager and who permits him to discharge the native stage hands at his sweet will and pleasure and substitute beery favorites from the slums of London. It is Henderson who gives Mr. Arris and Mr. Lonsdale a specimen English business manager "benefits" and calls on the public to put up for them. Benefits for what? Why should the public pay any tribute in money to these fellows? We have better men in their way who belong here and who are driven out of position by these specimen cockneys. Why should the American public give adulation in money to this precious couple? We opine it would be a cold day when Mr. Henderson would allow a native employee to take a benefit at his theatre. And yet Mr. Henderson is a most violent Yankee—a "patriot" to the backbone when he is in American society. When he finds himself among the British "fakes," however, he out-Herods Herod in his love of everything English and his hatred of everything American. Mr. Henderson is a turncoat, in fact. He has got the "lightning change" act down very fine. His coat is Yankee true blue outside but rabid British red in its lining. The facility with which he dons and redons, turns and re-turns, this article of raiment according to the requirements of his cunning policy is truly wonderful. We found out Henderson a long time ago but he's such an artful palaverer and he plays his patriotic role so cleverly when he wears the true blue side of his coat outside that we had not the heart to expose him. This benefit business to British snides was too much for us, however. And then that piece of toadyism of Henderson's—giving invitations to all the managers in the city to witness the first performance of Wallack in his new theatre in "Ours." The public stayed away considerably, at any rate, and the toadies led by Henderson had it all to themselves. Henderson must change that coat—we are determined on it. His coat must be all red or all blue. We'll not tolerate this harlequin business and we speak for a great portion of the public of this free and enlightened republic, who will not consent to being played for children or suckers even by so cunning a Yankee as Billy Henderson.

HE GOT "IN A HOLE."

A Yankee Grocer Outwits the Cracksmen and Makes a Capture.

The burglars and till tappers threatened to clean out a Groton, Conn., grocer named George Avery. They seemed for a year or two past to have put a special mark against his name and they raided him frequently. All precautions seemed in vain. If he bought a bull dog and put it on guard they either poisoned it or introduced it to another animal of the opposite sex, with which it carried on its canine flirtations in reckless disregard of their burglarious operations; if he closed the door they either pried it off its hinges or came in at the window. It was no use—they would come in and would get away undetected with the booty. The burglars were living on the profits of his store and making regular drafts on him.

There being no local police the cracksmen had a clear field until this winter, when Yankee ingenuity triumphed over their professional skill and crooked cunning. Avery, all day and all night of Sunday, New Year's eve, occupied himself in digging a pit behind his counter opposite the money drawer and covering it in such a way that burglars would make sure of falling into it. It was a hole of generous dimensions, especially as to its depth, which was no less than seventeen feet. When he had completed this novel burglar catching machine he adjusted the floor over it in such a way that the enterprising burglar who stepped on it would at once be tilted to the bottom of the pit.

The trap sprung during Monday night, the 1st inst., and worked to a charm. Tuesday morning when Mr. Avery opened his store the deluded burglar who had entered it expecting to have one of his accustomed picnics, was found stowed seventeen feet from the surface. Getting him out of the pit was a more difficult job than it had been to get him in, but he was finally brought to the surface. He gave his name as Henry Johnson and said he was from New York. He thought Mr. Avery's little arrangement superior to the metropolitan police but declared that it was rather rough that he should be caught like a rat in a trap. He said he never passed such a miserable New Year's day in his life; in fact, he never was in such a hole.

HARRY LEE.

[With Portrait.]

Mr. Lee has already been frequently alluded to in these columns. He is well known to the theatre goers of the United States as a Madison Square Apollo. He is an actor of considerable strength and ability enough to sustain the leading roles of the Hazel Kirke school of the drama with credit to himself and to his managers.

MYSTERIES OF THE SERAGLIOS.

A Rage Among English Girls to Be the Queens of Harems in the Orient.

A London correspondent makes some startling revelations regarding a predilection among a certain class of young English girls for a life of indolence in the seraglios of the east. He says:

"It is quite notorious that every harem in the east aims at getting a European tenant for it. Year after year girls are reported to be missing from London or Paris or Brussels without anyone knowing what has become of them. In a few days they are forgotten; they may have drowned themselves, become reformed or died their usual death.

"The supply is perhaps a little less than it used to be when Ismail Pasha ran special trains for the convenience of his consignment from Europe. But that in Egypt, India, Turkey and the Orient generally every harem of any consequence keeps in its gilded cage one or more frail or foolish Britons is a fact which it is needless trying to deny, though it is humiliating to confess.

"These wretched girls are tempted by a life of ease and indolence. They are dazzled by a show of jewels, fine clothes and the stories of the gorgeous east and find too late that they have entered a splendid prison, amid women as beauteous as any whom the world can show and with whom it is impossible to exchange a word to while away the loneliness of a life which has lost its novelty. So long as they keep the favor of their lord they are objects of persecution and plots; when they lose it their lot is unhappy beyond conception. Such stray lambs are seldom sought after though to their relatives they are as much lost as if they had plunged into the sea. The harem rarely surrenders its prisoners and if it did they are too ashamed to return poor and disillusioned. Again and again have rumors reached Delhi of Gen. Wheeler's daughter and other European ladies being kept in the harems to which they were dragged during the Indian mutiny. But soon the scent is lost. If there is any truth in the gossip it is certain that the objects of it are just beyond the chances of recovery, for whoever the harem owner introduces to his guests he takes care to make exceptions in favor of his Feringhees. But if silly damsels err through ignorance or laziness, what is to be said for women reasonably well educated who calmly—to gratify ambition, to spite somebody or from some vague plea of "the romance of the thing"—sell themselves in cold blood to an eastern potentate? There is an old story of an Irish sergeant's widow from Gibraltar finding favor in the eyes of the sultan Sidi Mohammed of Morocco and becoming the mother of the sanguinary Mutey Yezid, well known in Moorish history as El Hayer Hittmar, the Red Beard. But the visitor to Tangier will have tangible proof that romantic English women are not yet extinct.

"A shabby house on the Masmah is pointed out to him as the seaside abode of El Santo—the Saint. Now saints are particularly abundant in Tangier but this particular one claims to be the nearest descendant of the Prophet and as such Sidiel Hadj'ebd es-Salam, Cheriff of Wexan, is held in extreme reverence all over the north of Africa. But to Europeans he is mainly interesting as the husband of Miss Keene of London. Dazed by the idea of being Son Altesse la Cherita she became, eight or nine years ago, the wife of this elderly saint. By this time she has been able to free her eyes from glamor, for El Santo, with the Sultan kissing his knees, is doubtless a very different personage from a mulatto in an old shooting coat and shoddy feet, unable to speak any language but Arabic. There is a pleasing fiction cherished to the effect that the English woman is his only wife. In fact, the Saint has been steadily marrying for the past thirty or forty years and has harems all over Morocco, though possibly in Tangier the Nazarene suffices.

"The Cheriff has two bright boys now being educated at the French college of Constantine in Algeria. But the saint has other children and if perchance he is persuaded to nominate one of the little lads as his successor all the treachery of his race will be at work against the heir apparent's rival to the Cheridom. The unhappy Mrs. Digby after a varied marital experience espoused the dirty Bedouin camel driver, Mijuel of the Mizrab. What her opinions were she kept them to herself, for a pariah among her kindred, Lord Ellenborough's quondam bride felt sour to all the Christian race. It may be that this harem is shared by—and constitutes their approach to happiness of—the weak-faced women who have chosen to be harem Britons."

A LITTLE OF ALL SORTS.

Varied Scraps of News and Scandal from Divers Sources.

At George H. Hayman's turpentine farm, twenty miles from Darien, Ga., a negro entered the house while the family was at dinner, on Jan. 6, and shot Hayman in the abdomen. Hayman knocked the negro down, took a pistol and shot him dead.

Dr. E. L. R. Thomas, of New Haven, Conn., was arrested on Jan. 4, for an abortion upon Mary Canavan, Dec. 24. He was the attending physician of Ida S. Perkins, who died from an abortion on Christmas day. Mrs. Ellen Clements, a boarding house keeper, and Mrs. Emma Van Epps, a dressmaker, Hartford, were also arrested.

On the 6th inst. Constable Weiser, of Valley Falls, Kansas, undertook to arrest a young desperado named Charles Cobb, aged 19, who was known to have come back from Texas on a brief visit to his parents at their home, fifteen miles from the above named town. There was a pistol fight in which the young man fatally wounded the constable. Then mounting his horse the desperate youngster rode off to rejoin his cowboy comrades.

An old man named Thomas Cuddy was arrested on Jan. 6 in Galveston, Texas, for attempting to commit a criminal assault on a three year old child, Mary Brady. The child came home crying, but refused to explain, Cuddy having threatened to kill her if she told the truth. The next day he called at her home and wanted her to go out for a walk with him again. She refused, in great terror, and then told the story of the assault. He was at once arrested and locked up.

GEORGE PULLEN, who is confined in jail at Trenton awaiting trial for the murder of James Dunn, attempted, late on the night of the 6th inst., to commit suicide. He twisted a handkerchief about his neck until he was black in the face. Another prisoner gave the alarm and his attempt was frustrated. On the morning of the 8th inst. he cut his arm in two places with the design of bleeding to death, but his game was again detected. He was then placed under close surveillance, but declares he will yet escape a trial.

A Sharper's Close Call.

We give the portrait of a man who, when arrested in Boston in the latter part of December gave his name as Joseph Eaton. He was a plausible cuss and had a genteel air about him that was calculated to deceive the very shrewdest men of the world. His game was that of the bogus gold brick. His method of operations as undertaken in Boston, was to publish in the daily papers an advertisement calling for a partner with a thousand dollars, and guaranteeing a profit of ten thousand in a month by perfectly safe business processes. The swindler and his pals, who all hailed from New York, had many "suckers" on a string immediately.

One out of the number requested an interview at his office. The request was granted, and the party was informed that the advertiser had a gold brick, a sample of a number which were stored in California, and an appointment was made with the man who answered the advertisement to meet the New Yorker at Porter's Hotel in Cambridge to examine the brick and convince himself that all was just as represented. Upon arrival at the hotel the gold brick



CHAUNCEY W. HUFF,

PROMINENT CITIZEN OF BUFFALO, N. Y., FOUND DROWNED, A VICTIM OF FOUL PLAY.



GEORGE W. DAY,

A FAMOUS IOWA DETECTIVE, PROMINENT IN MANY DIFFERENT CASES.

thieves a chance to escape. He drew \$8,000 from the bank for the purpose of purchasing the entire lot of gold bricks, and, when the bargain was completed, the detectives were to put in an appearance and take the swindlers into custody.

The assumed purchaser, knowing that he was dealing with thieves, did not dare go to the appointed place with the money in his pocket lest he should be robbed, and the detectives not arrive as per agreement. Therefore he visited City Hall, first to ascertain if all was in readiness, and was probably seen to do so by two members of the gang, as they were not at the appointed rendezvous, and diligent search since has failed to discover them.

Eaton, the leader of the gang, was captured and was recognized as a New York sharper of the most dangerous class. The evidence to convict him not being readily attainable, the authorities put him on a train and consigned him to Gotham with the stern injunction never to return to the "Hub." He will no doubt attempt the same game in other cities and our readers should study well the portrait we publish.



JOSEPH EATON,

GOLD BRICK SWINDLER, CAUGHT AT WORK IN BOSTON, MASS.



GAME COCKS AS JAILBIRDS.

A LOT OF THEM CAPTURED IN THE PIT AND LOOKED UP IN A DETROIT PRISON WHERE THEY DEMORALIZE THINGS GENERALLY.



W. B. MULVEY,

WANTED IN MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., FOR A REWARD OF \$500.



JAMES CLARK,

WHO IS WANTED FOR MURDERING HIS WIFE IN A HOUSE OF ILL-FAME.



MOLLIE GILLESPIE,

THE YOUNG WIFE WHO WAS MURDERED BY HER HUSBAND IN A PITTSBURG BAGNIO.

was handed to the would-be victim to examine, and to further prove that the brick was solid an augur bit was brought forward and the brick bored into, the scrapings being given to the supposed investor to have assayed. He took the scrapings to a chemist and was assured that the gold was $21\frac{1}{2}$ carats fine. The confidence men were two weeks working with this man as he did not wish to enter into any bargain without the advice of his counsel. His lawyer was consulted and favored the purchasing of the bricks, the sample being held for security for the \$1,000. At length the lawyer began to surmise that it was the old gold brick swindle, and failed to appear at the subsequent meetings.

The trade was to have been consummated December 23, the buyer working under the direction of the detectives, and warned, under any circumstances, not to call at City Hall, as he would be watched, and, if seen calling at the central office, would give the



A MURDER FOR LOVE.

A YOUNG BEAUTY OF MONTANA DECEIVED BY A MASHER FROM THE EAST, KILLS HIM AND MAKES HIS PARTNER DIG HIS GRAVE.

G. W. Day, Detective.

We present in this issue a portrait of Geo. W. Day, of Jefferson, Iowa, a detective who has distinguished himself during the past two or three months by running down and causing the arrest or dispersion of several of the most desperate and successful bands of rattle thieves that carry on their operations in the west. His cunning, shrewdness, gallantry and tact have set him in the front rank of detective officers in his state.

His Accounts Were Straight.

Chauncey W. Huff, of Buffalo, N. Y., whose portrait is given in this issue, was cashier of the Union Steamboat Company and a very prominent citizen. He disappeared Dec. 14th and was not found until the last days of December when his body was dragged from the Erie canal. He had a big salary, his accounts were all right and his domestic relations were happy. The case is a mystery.

The Talk About Mace.

The coming of Jem Mace, whose portrait in ring costume we give on this page, has indeed stirred up an unwonted interest in the affairs of the ring. A western sport in reviewing the ring and Mace's record, sums up things very favorably all around, although he concludes that Sullivan is a wonder who has never been equalled in the annals of the ring. Speaking of Mace's early life a Cincinnati paper not ordinarily given to sporting dissertations, goes out of its way to gratify public curiosity as follows:

Jem Mace is of gypsy origin, and was born at Norwich fifty-two years ago. Most English gypsies are adepts at athletic sports, and Jem was no exception to the rule. He very early developed jumping and running powers that gave him great fame, but his abilities in these respects were soon far overshadowed by his wonderful skill as a boxer. Tom Spring and Jem Ward in their day entirely revolutionized the style of pugilism that had preceded them, and Mace who seemed to have imbibed fistic skill with his mother's milk, soon showed that he was a worthy successor of these worthies. When but a stripling of sixteen he was the terror of all the light-weight booth boxers who came his way, his wonderful skill and cleverness in ducking and getting away from punishment greatly atoning for his lack of strength, while his hitting powers were immensely superior to his appearance. His first appearance with in the regular "cords" was with a big townsman named Slack, who achieved considerable notoriety as a boxer. Young Mace made a chopping block out of him in short meter, and was hailed a winner after nine rounds, which only occupied nineteen minutes. This fight was for £10 a side, quite a sum for a novice to land so easily. He next flew at higher game, and lowered the colors of Bill Thorpe for £25 a side in eighteen rounds and twenty seven minutes. He fought two battles with Bob Brettie losing the first and winning the last in eleven rounds.

Sayers was now in retirement, and Heenan had returned to America and though he was not of the height or weight of the orthodox champion, Mace claimed the title and announced himself as ready to defend it against all comers. Before

the honor was awarded him Sam Hurst, a big, raw countryman, who was better known as "The Stayleybridge Infant," came forward to oppose his claim. They fought for £200 a side and the belt, but Hurst, who had little but size and pluck to commend him as a pugilist, was beaten to a stand-still in eight rounds and forty minutes.

Mace was now champion, with all that the title implied, but a fresh young aspirant for the honors he held was found in a waterman, named Tom King. They met January 28, 1862, for the regular £200 and the belt. The fight was a rattling one, but King was not clever enough, and Mace was again hailed the victor in forty-three rounds, which took one hour and eight minutes. The defeat of both these big ones by Mace led many to believe that height and weight were

not prime essentials in a champion, but King, who smarted under his defeat by Mace, made a fresh match with him for the championship and £200 a side. The battle took place November 26, 1862, Mace had decidedly the best of the battle until the close of the nineteenth round when, in trying to administer the *coup de grace* to King he unwittingly "laid himself open." King, who had far more strength left in him than Mace supposed, took advantage of the opening, and landed his left with crushing effect on Mace's left jaw. Jem's legs forsook their office, and he fell in a heap like a wet rag. Though he came up for two more rounds there was no fight left in him, and his seconds threw up the sponge. King after this fight renounced the ring and Mace again claimed the championship. The

among the directors of his paper, by the following speculations:

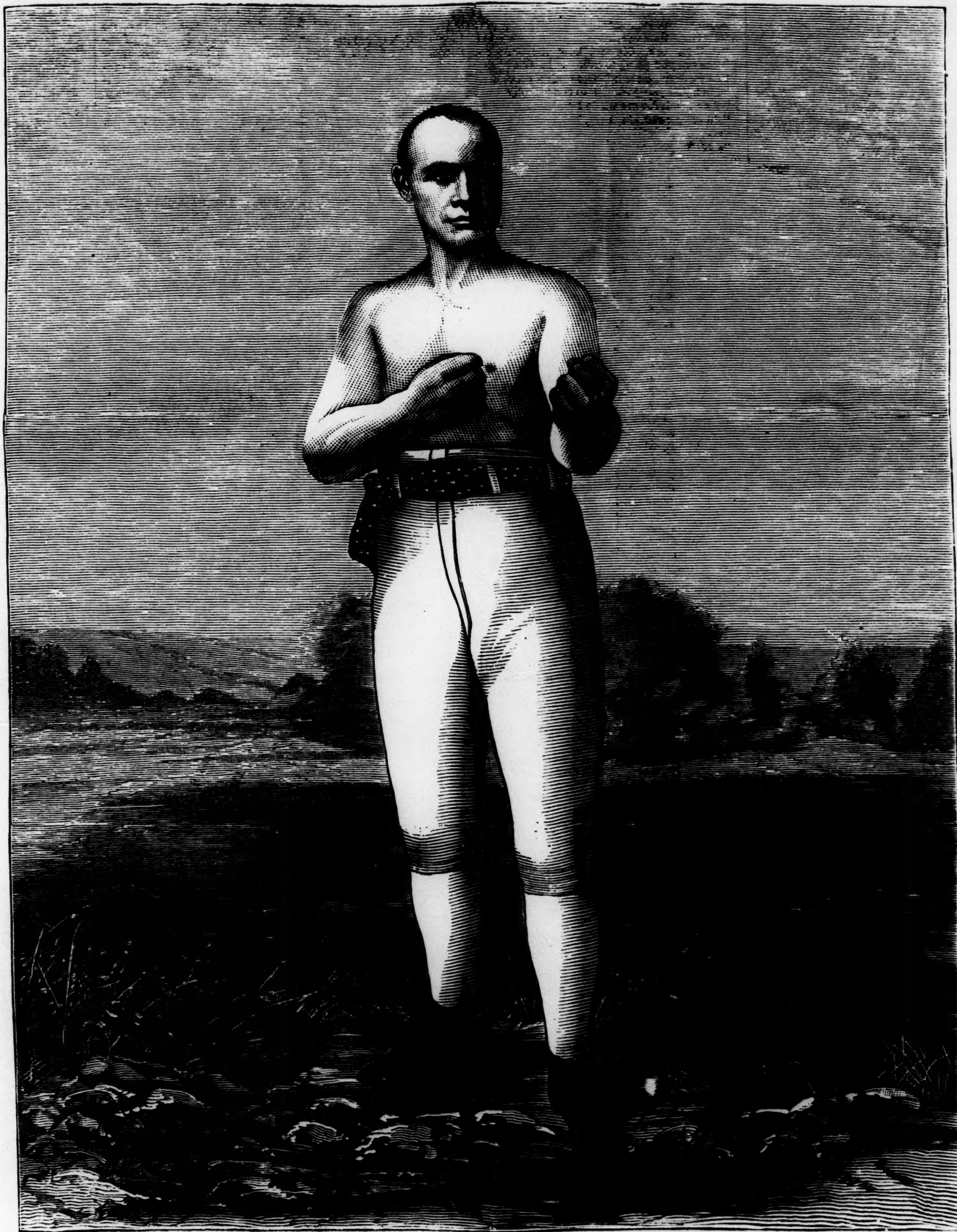
"Though Mace was at one time considered the cleverest man in England, he never was ambitious to face the 'auctioneer' of Tom Sayers and good judges of boxing who have seen both perform in the ring differ in their judgments as to which would have won had they met before Heenan 'stopped' Sayers' career. The burden of opinion is that Tom would have been the victor, for Mace did not fully develop his form until Sayers was off the carpet. It seems strange that Sayers, Mace, Tom Allen, Joe Goss, Aaron Jones and a number of others who in the middle of their fighting careers were only middle-weight men, should afterward become heavy weights, and large enough (in their own esti-

Those who think that he is not a thoroughly scion man, are somewhat mistaken. He has a far better knowledge of the fistic art than either Heenan or Morrissey possessed. He is stronger than either, and unquestionably he is the hardest hitter known to the records of the ring. His courage is undoubted. His weak points are his wind and his temper. Once or twice during his fight with Paddy Ryan he puffed and blew like a grampus, and had not Paddy been in "queer street" he might have made it unpleasant for him at least. As to Mace's Maori, Slade, we have little faith in him, if he is a genuine Maori. Bungaree was brought to England as a terror, and it was thought he would be able to almost eat any opponent who could be got to face him. Johnny Broome,

however, licked him right of the reel, despite his cannibalistic propensities, and we opine the same fate awaits Slade when he tackles the Boston wonder."

Lured to a Bagnio.

A great sensation was caused in Baltimore, on December 30, by the revelation that several respectable young saleswomen had been lured into dens of prostitution and there outraged. On the date mentioned a warrant was issued for the arrest of Mr. Charles Neal, a son of Mr. George H. C. Neal, member of the firm of Neal, Armstrong & Co., prominent retail dry goods merchants, and Mr. Uterback, a cousin of young Neal, who was charged by Miss Ella Peck, Miss Stafford and Miss Lina Bell, all young girls, aged about nineteen years, salesladies in the employ of the above firm, with inveigling them into a house of ill-fame, No. 181 Raborg street, on Christmas eve, and accomplishing their ruin. A visit was made to the store above named, and it was ascertained that neither Mr. George H. C. Neal or his son Charles, were in the city, but Mr. Armstrong, the associate partner, in response to an inquiry, said he was informed that the young girls had been outraged by Mr. Neal and Uterback and then he immediately sent for all parties and upon learning the report was true he dismissed all from the firm's employ. He said further that the girls stated most positively that they did not know the character of the house the accused took them into, and that the young men represented it to be a private house of a friend where all were to have



JEM MACE,

THE FAMOUS PUGILIST, AS HE APPEARS IN HIS FIGHTING RIG.

[Photographed expressly for the POLICE GAZETTE.]

next to dispute the title with him was Joe Goss, who was considered the gamest man in England, and whose friends announced would fight all day. Jem had no difficulty in knocking Goss out of time in a fight of nearly two hours' duration.

After brief allusion to matches in this country with Coburn and O'Baldwin the Cincinnati editor, who has evidently been spending the past twenty-five years of his life elsewhere than in a Sunday school, goes on to say:

"Mace after making a fortune as a book-maker in Australia, where he has been for some years, has been induced by Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, to return to this country with pugilistic designs."

The old timer of the religious press goes to give himself away to the Cincinnati deacons

mation) to contend with the biggest fighters in the ring. That they did so prove it a fact that can not be disputed. Did the expansion of their ideas respecting their abilities as champions have any thing to do with the increase of their size, is something we leave to others to determine. One thing is certain, and that is that neither Mace or Sayers ever encountered so hard or so quick a hitter as is John L. Sullivan. Heenan was able to floor Sayers almost at will, but he fought him over thirty rounds, and he was then compelled to squeeze him on the ropes to finish him. It was the writer's fortune to see the fight between Heenan and Morrissey, and had Sullivan been on the boards that day as big, as capable, and in as good condition as when he fought Paddy Ryan, it is my opinion that he could have whipped both of them, one after another.

supped; that they resisted to the best of their ability, and that only one escaped with her virtue. It is also stated that steps will be taken by the parents of one of the injured girls to recover damages in a suit for seduction. The unfortunate publicity of this affair will probably for a time check piques of that sort. The idea of the young men of a store taking the female clerks of the establishment together to a den of infamy on one of the most prominent streets in the city, gives a curious impression of ideas and morals in Baltimore. It gives a decided Brooklyn flavor to the town. The firm of Neal, Armstrong & Co. is one of the best known in the city, and the family of young Neal stand very high in social circles. Mr. Armstrong was formerly connected with A. T. Stewart & Co., of New York

PARIS INSIDE OUT;

OR,

Joe Potts on the Loose.

The Adventures and Misadventures; the
Sprees and Soberings up; the Life,
Love and Pastimes Generally of
a New York Sport in the Gay-
est City in the World.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"Paris by Gaslight," "Mabille Unmasked," "The
Bohemians of New York," "Studio Secrets," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

IN WHICH JOE BEGINS TO DROP ON THE WIDOW'S
LITTLE GAME.

"Oh," groaned Mr. Joseph Potts, as he awoke after a feverish and fitful sleep. "I have got a head on me. If ever I get outside that French red wine again, I'll join the New York Seventh."

He rang the bell and asked for soda water. They brought pen and ink and paper. He intimated raging thirst, a nutmeg could have been grated on his tongue, and the waiter reappeared with a bottle of red wine. Joe was going to fling it at his head; the very sight of it was too much.

By the aid of the vocabulary he demanded a wine card, and scored a syphon of seltzer with his nail. The waiter, instead of being led, came up lukewarm.

"Oh, if I was in New York I could crawl away from this head in half an hour—no ice? It is a one horse city."

Later in the day Mr. Joseph's reflections took another turn.

"I'll get even with that English army officer if I've to join the New York Seventh when I go back. The damned lightning rod, with his haw, haw! Where the devil does his voice come from, his shoes? I'll bluff him for all I'm worth. I'll get the dead wood on Laura, and he'll get left. I can't figure on her explanation. It kinder stumps me. If it were by accident Captain Swishtail came along, it was evidently a put up job of the captain's. Curse the red wine, if it was not for the ten minutes I was sea sick there, he'd have got no show. What a night! My watch gone, my toniest suit wiped out, and near losing the widow. She invited me to call. I will if I can get rid of the head. The Grand Hotel, that's only three or four blocks off. If I was in a two horse city I could get well like a white man. In this place I must lay still like a sick mule."

Toward five o'clock Joe felt pretty good, having ridden to the American bar and pulled himself together through the medium of a brace of extra riveted cocktails.

"Now for the widow," he exclaimed, as he entered the covered court yard of the Grand Hotel.

His card was sent up and while he was waiting he fixed himself before the mirror in the porter's lodge.

"I look all broke up," he muttered, "yellow as a banana, and my eyes have gone into the back of my head. That red wine, may it—"

"Madame Norton will receive monsieur. If monsieur will be good enough to ascend."

Joe followed the waiter to the elevator where the motion made him feel squirmy. Madame was lodged on the sixth floor. Mr. Potts thought he would never get there.

He was ushered into a daintily furnished apartment containing an alcove—the alcove, through diaphanous curtains, revealing a coquettish bed, all lace and embroidery. A pair of blue satin slippers, perfect poems, peeped from under the curtains. The room was all crimson velvet and gold and mirrors. The usual clock ticked on the crimson velvet hung mantel.

On a caressing sofa reclined Mrs. Norton. She wore a heliotrope colored satin dressing wrapper open all down the front, to display an undershirt of creamy white, trimmed with lace. From a grove of lace and insertion came a pair of tiny feet encased in black satin slippers with immense heliotrope colored rosettes. A cloud of tulle was around her throat.

"Oh, so you have come. Mr. Potts," she languidly exclaimed, as she extended her hand.

"You bet I have, Mrs. Norton," said Joe.

"I almost gave you up."

"You gave me up last night."

"I could not help it—by the way, were you ill?"

"Never was better in my life," replied Joe, stoutly.

"Captain Swishtail imagined that you were not quite well."

"Mrs. Norton," said Joe, with a fierce all determined air, "I don't want any of this captain in mine. I guess I can get along without him. He ain't my style. He's too big a contract for me to undertake. I ain't posted on English army officer ways, but this I'm solid on, that if he tries to get the better of me, he'll have to get up before the bell rings."

"Really, Mr. Potts, I—"

"I don't want none of his sass, and I won't take water from him. That's all I've got to say, and I guess it's better to get it clean off my mind."

"I assure you, Mr. Potts, he's a very elegant gentleman."

"That's all right. I guess you must think so or you wouldn't shake me last night the way you did. I felt real mean."

"I must explain, Mr. Potts. I wrote you that note hoping to see you or I wouldn't have written at all. I have plenty of gentlemen friends who would come from Timbuctoo to meet me if I wanted them. I wish you wouldn't be staring at my feet. I'll have to tuck them under my petticoats, and that's not comfortable—wh a was I saying, oh, yes. I have lots of gentlemen friends who would come—oh, don't stare into my eyes, you make me feel nervous. Here, take my hand, and be a good, good boy—oh, how hot your hand is. Ain't mine nice and cool?"

Joe was in the seventh heaven. He held the widow's little white dimpled hand in his and listened to an explanation, every word of which passed in through one

ear and out of the other. He riveted his eyes upon the rich red lips, longing for the moment when Mrs. Norton would fulfill the promise made on board the ship.

"You are not paying the least attention to what I have been saying—no, don't attempt to deny it." Mr. Joseph swore by all the gods that every word that fell from her lips had seared itself into his memory, and was for following up his solemn declaration by kissing the book, alias her lips.

"My hand if you like to—but—no, no, no."

"You promised."

"I always keep my promises, Mr. Potts."

"Then do so now."

"Before you leave Paris."

"I'm leaving by the next train."

"Go, if you can," laughed the widow with an arch glance, a provoking smile, an inviting glance, and kicking her dainty feet like a pleased child.

"I can't," said Joe, kissing her hand.

"I thought not."

After some desultory chat on the subject of their trip across the Atlantic, Mrs. Norton suddenly exclaimed:

"Half-past six. Oh, my, how the time has flown. Where are you going to take me to dine?"

"Anywhere you like. The toniest place in all Paris."

"Then just you go down to the balcony in the court yard and wait for me while I change my dress."

"I'd rather remain here," said Joe, squeezing her hand.

"I guess you would, but it wouldn't suit me. Go, order a carriage from the hotel here, and we'll take a drive in the Bois de Boulogne. There are some real good restaurants in the Bois. I think the Cascade is one of the best."

The widow descended in less than half an hour, attired in a most becoming half mourning. The weeds and flyers and black crape tails had disappeared. She was a symphony in heliotrope.

Joe's heart gave a triumphant throb, as he beheld Captain Swishtail call a fiacre and drive hastily off. There is balm in Gilead.

"The Cascade is the tony restaurant in the wood of Boulogne," observed Joe, "and it will take us about half an hour to ride there."

Mr. Potts' reflections were of the rosiest possible nature, as, seated beside the widow in a luxurious carriage, he rode along the Boulevard.

"Paris is a bully place after all," he thought, "bully for me, any way. If this ain't a mash I'll join the Seventh when I get back to New York." This "and being laid out by a clam" being the two most absurd fates according to his ideas, in store for any human biped.

"How delightful," exclaimed the widow, as the carriage crossed the Place de la Concorde and entered the beautiful Champs Elysees, the magnificent avenue, ending in the superb Arc de Triomphe. Hundreds of vehicles spun past them, from the hired fiacre with the neat coachman, to the dashing four-in-hand, tooled by a Parisian dandy; from the immense char a banc drawn by six horses, the postillions in the most picturesque costumes, conveying a crowd of Cook's tourists from Versailles and St. Cloud to the piquante victoria of the Cocotte, her demi-monde highness in a toilette by Worth, at 10,000 francs, her toy terrier, worth a Jew's ransom. As they passed the Cafe Alcazar, Joe cried out:

"By thunder, that's the place to go to-night to hear a song about a fellow that took a bottle of red wine on his wedding night. I wish him luck," added Joe, mentally, "if the wine was the same as I got in the Palais Royal last night."

"Let us go, by all means. I hope the song isn't too naughty."

"It's O. K., Mrs. Norton, a friend of mine here in Paris told me not to miss it on any account."

Their carriage turned into the Avenue Bois de Boulogne, where the broad strips of emerald grass on either side, dotted in the beds of luminous flowers, charmed them. The villas too, with their gilt balconies and mansard roofs giving upon this Eden, delighted the widow.

"I'd like one of those, that one with the red and white striped awnings. Ain't it quite too lovely for anything," she exclaimed.

A crowd of carriages surrounded the lake containing the grand monde of the demi-monde.

"Oh, you naughty, wicked fellow," cried Mrs. Norton tapping Mr. Joseph with her fan. "I will not have you looking at those bold mirrors. I shall become quite angry if you do. There!"

As a matter of fact their superb physiques found considerable favor in Mr. Potts' eyes.

They were exceedingly beautiful women, exquisitely and elegantly attired, their equipages were simply perfection, and their poodles, pugs, toy terriers and spaniels worth tens of thousands of francs.

"It's the dogs that I'm looking at, Mrs. Norton," said Joe, "I'm dead solid on dogs."

"It wasn't the dogs that time, sir," cried Mrs. Norton, as a gorgeous blonde in a cloud of blue feathers swept past, having deliberately winked at Mr. Potts en passant.

"I must be looking the real tony English swell," thought Joe, exceedingly flattered and pleased, "or that tip-topper wouldn't have noticed me. Paris is a bully city—bully for me."

The charmingly situated Cascade restaurant was duly reached, the carriage dashing up to the ladies' entrance. A waiter faultlessly attired, his hair parted in the centre as if by a calculating machine, received them with a bow that would have done credit to the Court of the Tuilleries, under the regime of Napoleon III.

"Let us dine in the open air," suggested the widow.

"Oh, no," objected Joe, who for reasons of his own, preferred a cabinet particulier; "it is too cold."

"Cold? I am melting with the heat!"

"It looks like a rain storm!" The heavens were as clear as a crystal.

"If it rains we can go in."

"I know that a thunder storm is on hand."

"I don't mind thunder."

"It will be real pleasant inside. This place is full of musquitoes."

"Pshaw! Who cares for a French musquitoe after the Jersey bloodhounds?"

"The dinner will be quite cold."

"I like cold food in hot weather."

The widow cried "check" to every move, and her cavalier was compelled to yield. He selected a table, however, far from the maddening crowd, beneath a tree; a table for two, and at which did chance permit in the shades of night a kiss might be given or taken without anybody of the outer world being a whit the wiser.

"I do declare!" suddenly observed the widow.

"Why, yes! no! It is Captain Swishtail!"

"The devil take Captain Swishtail," muttered Joe,

under his breath, and sending a scowling glance in the direction in which the gallant warrior appeared.

"Mr. Potts, I must ask him to join us."

"I don't want him, Mrs. Norton," said Joe, gruffly.

"It is very disappointing, I admit, and I feel very bad about it."

Mr. Potts said nothing, but savagely bit the end off a cigar.

"If I hadn't to be polite to him for my aunt's sake, I'd not take any notice of him."

"You ain't obliged to spoon-feed him, are you?" asked Joe, sullenly.

"You don't understand."

"I'll be gosh—! Excuse me, Mrs. Norton, but I'm a square man, and I don't want any of Captain Swishtail in mine."

"You wouldn't have me insult him?"

"Let me!" cried Joe, eagerly.

"Oh, if it's a question of paying for Captain Swishtail's dinner I can do that. My purse is a pretty long one and—"

"Oh, hang it!" interposed Joseph. "Let there be no talk of paying by anybody here but me, and if the Captain wants a dinner let him go over to any table around here and load up the biggest and toniest dinner they can give him and fill up with the most expensive wines. I'll pay for it, you bet your precious life."

"Hush, he is coming now. For my sake, Mr. Potts, be courteous to the man. I hate him."

What was Mr. Potts to do? Gentlemen, you who are fascinated by my hero's adventures, just put yourself in his place. What would you have done under similar circumstances?

"What a surprise! You here?" exclaimed the widow as the Captain approached. "Why, the world is getting smaller every day. You know Mr. Potts; he wishes you to dine with us; sit down."

The Captain seated himself and ate Joe's bread. The Captain selected the dinner and ordered the wine.

"You like a sweet champagne," he said to the widow.

"I prefer a dry. Cluquot for you, Pommery for me. You are partial to a rich claret after dinner. I go in for an able bodied Burgundy. Chateau Lafite for you. Close de Vougeot for me. Walter, have you any rarer wines than appear on this card?"

"Yes, sir; we have a Chateau Margeaux of '84, and a Chambertin that was in the cellar of Napoleon III."

"That sounds well. Give us both these wines."

Joe became livid with suppressed rage. Here was this son of a gun ordering a dinner and extra wines for which he, Potts, had to pay. Here was this English army officer riding rough shod over as good an American as ever charged at Bunker Hill.

Not a word had either of his guests for him. Now and then the widow would throw an observation at him, as a bone is flung to a dog; but as for the Captain, he never so much as looked that way, almost turning his back.

"I'll get even with you, my horse marine," said Joe, between his teeth, "and I'll be gosh darned if I don't take my share of this elegant wine."

Feeling literally empty after the illness of the night before, Joe plied a knife and fork that would have done credit to Dugold Dalgetty himself, and he ate, as we all know, for four days in advance.

Joe helped himself twice to every dish, calling for a third supply if the plat was more than ordinary piquant, for the Captain's order was that of a man who knew how to dine to perfection. Joe tossed off glass after glass of champagne, always the dry, so that the Captain was compelled to order a fresh supply in disgust. The Burgundy seemed to suit Joe's palate exactly and he rolled in at least a bottle and a greater part of the two flasks of the delicious Chambertin, once the property of the "man of Sedan."

"Anything more coming?" he asked, as he drained off the last glass.

"I think not," replied the widow.

"Then," said Joe, rising, "I'll return to town. Two's company, three's none, and," turning to the Captain, "as you, Captain Swishtail, or whatever your name is, have ordered the dinner you will now be good enough to pay for it. Ta, ta!" and Mr. Potts, sticking his hat on the side of his head, marched down the alley leading to the high road where the carriage awaited him.

"I ain't to be fooled by that woman or her fancy man," laughed Joe, as he leaned back in the carriage with his feet on the cushions and a tip-top cigar in his mouth.

"I may be a greenhorn in Paris, but I guess my head is level in regard to being fooled. No, no, my lady. Count me out on this hand if you please."

Sober and respectable citizens of Paris turned in the lovely summer afternoon to listen to the wild and joyous laughter coming from a passing carriage. The laughter originally belonged to Mr. Joseph Potts.

Joe dismissed the coach opposite the Alcazar, giving the driver so handsome a pour boire, or drink money, that the man reverently lifted his hat crying "Merci, milord."

"I guess I can afford it," chuckled Mr. Potts. "I've saved a couple of hundred francs at the lowest free school calculation."

The Alcazar was brilliantly lighted. The audience, seated in the open air, faced a stage upon which reined on rose colored ottomans about a dozen very decolette young ladies. The stage was a blaze of gas, and the scene immensely fetching.

Just as our hero entered there arose a hum of expectation as an usher placed a board in a grove bearing the name, "Madame Riviere," this being an announcement that this gifted and audacious artiste was to sing next. Joe marched up as near to the stage as he could get, and ordering a bottle of champagne took his seat.

The orchestra struck up the enticing strains of "Le Petit Vin de Bordeaux," and Madame Riviere bounded on, while a wild clapping of hands shook the leaves on the surrounding trees. The song commenced as follows:

Le vin qui sait me plaire
Ce n'est pas le Cluquot,
Dont la mousse legere
Monte au nez de Margot,
Il est beaucoup plus crane
Que le jus champenois,
Loin de cette tisane,
Moi le vin que je bois.

C'est—
Le petit Vin de Bordeaux!
Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh!
Qui fait la nique au Malaga,
Ah! ah! ah! ah! ah!
Bien mieux que le Chateau Margaux.
Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh!
Moi, j'aime ce petit vin la,
Ah! ah! ah! ah! ah!

Then came the chorus, and everybody inside and outside of the garden sang the Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! including Mr. Potts, who, although he did not understand a single word that was said, was in a perfect ecstasy and flung himself into the chorus boots and all.

Madame Riviere sang the first verses with an abandon that recalled the wickedest days of Teresa. Her gestures were so significant while her eyes shone so innocently as the naughty words rolled from the red lips that les petits creves, or the French mashers, were overwhelmed with delight. The last verse fetched them like bird lime.

Contre femme jolie
Si comme sa papa
Un buveur se marie
Retenez bien cela;
Le soir dans sa chambrette
Le verron bien three
Avec la mignonette
Que boit le marie.

C'est—
Le petit vin de Bordeaux,
Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh!

"I must get a translation of that song," said Joe, as he paid for full a dozen French copies to send to the boys. "How it would go at Coney Island to Fat Gilmore's band! There's enough snap in it to keep the Island open to the end of October."

The concert over, Mr. Potts took a stroll along the Champs Elysees. Every where amorous couples moved about, the gentlemen's arms around the ladies' waists, while every bench was occupied by a young lady whose head rested lovingly upon her companion's manly bosom.

"It's Central Park to a dot," muttered Joe, as he hummed the refrain of "Le Petit Vin de Bordeaux," substituting the following words:

"Is this Mr. Reilly they speak of so highly.
Is this Mr. Reilly who keeps the hotel?
Is this Mr. Reilly they speak of so highly—
God bless you, O'Reilly, I hope you're quite well!"

If Joe was a little mixed on the air, he was solid as concrete on the words. Mr. Potts, becoming more in command of his own vocal performance at each succeeding stride, raised his voice to its highest pitch, and stopping at the corner of the Rue Royale, bellowed, "Is this Mr. Reilly?" till a Sergeant de Ville sternly ordered him to move on.

Joe, divining the words, confronted the officer with:

"What are you giving us?" and resume his melodious queries as to the personal identity of Mr. Reilly. A crowd gathered. The Sergeant de Ville took counsel with another policeman, which resulted in the halting of a hack, and Mr. Potts being politely but firmly compelled to enter it, the second officer following.

They were passing the American bar, when Joe yelled to the coachman to stop. The man obeyed, and Potts jumped from the vehicle and entered the saloon, followed by the officer.

"This cop is after me, Johnny!" cried Joe to the bartender. "You just fix it, will you?"

The proprietor came forward, and after an interchange of civilities with the Sergeant de Ville informed Joe that on payment of the hack fare and a bottle of Bordeaux the affair could be amicably arranged.

"They don't care a continental how much noise any Parisian makes in the street," said the bartender, "but just let them drop on a foreigner. They'll make him squeal, sure pop."

"Another night gone," sighed Mr. Joseph Potts, as he took his lighted candle from the sleepy night porter of the Hotel Richelieu, "and no mash. I'll take a ride by myself to-morrow in the Boy de Bolony, and if that stunning fine girl winks at me—" but a yawn busted his thoughts.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

And now look out for the Parson, and get ready to find out how Joe bluffd Captain Swishtail and did not pay for the dinner he did not eat.

THE DEATH-BED PENITENT.

Further Hair-Raising Confessions of Crime by
the Female Fiend of Ohio.

On Jan. 4 the parsons were let loose on the dying woman, Mrs. J. V. Stillwell, of Mount Vernon, Ohio, who had already confessed to having officiated as head devil in several horrible assassinations and premeditated murders. When the ministers took her in hand they induced another outpour of awful confession. Among this party of news gatherers and spiritual "hagaboo" manipulators was a "double header," as it were, Dr. W. E. Edwards, a physician of Fredricktown, who is also a local preacher of the M. E. church, passed much time with the dying woman, rendering such professional help as he could, as well as administering such spiritual consolation as he was able. Gaining her confidence by his ministerial offices he urged her to unbuckle her mind to him and held out the blessed promise for forgiveness to all who are truly penitent.

After much solicitation the woman retold her story, telling how she, her mother and brother had murdered her first husband on the night of March 4, 1877. She went over the ghastly details as originally told and published but at the conclusion said there were two black crimes she would never tell. The minister urged her by her hopes of forgiveness to make a full confession of any additional crimes, assuring her that without a full and free confession she could not hope for forgiveness in this world or the world to come.

Yielding to his advice she informed him that she had, in addition to the horrible crimes before confessed to, murdered her mother while she was lying helpless at her house in Ottumwa, Iowa, from the effects of her injuries received in the railroad accident as described in her first confession. She said she nursed her mother until she became tired of it and being fearful that she would make confessions that would implicate her she strangled her in the absence of her husband. She positively refused to divulge the other crime hinted at, but when asked of what disease her father died she hid her face in her wasted hands and cried out, "A cut throat."

There is no doubt but that the other crime indicated was the murder of her father, who mysteriously disappeared while living at Maryville, Mo., and was reported to have gone to California. This invalid pans out well for the parsons, who have got material for twenty sermons out of her and haven't done with her yet.

A BELLE'S ESCAPE.

A Lover's Walk Ends in a Night's Stay
in a City Hotel and a Baby.

Miss Livingston Sues For Breach of
Promise and Gets a \$75,000 Ver-
dict from a Brooklyn Jury.

[With Portraits.]

Brooklyn comes nobly to the front in maintenance of her reputation as the boss town for scandal. Anything nasty naturally gravitates over there. This time it is a case that is even more smutty in its court details than was the Beecher trial. This is the suit of Mary Alice Almont Livingston of Tom's River, N. J., for breach of promise and betrayal against Henry Fleming, a wealthy oil merchant resident in Brooklyn and doing business in Pearl street, New York. Miss Livingston is the daughter of the late Judge R. S. Livingston of Dutchess county, N. Y., and is a young lady of attractive appearance and about 21 years of age. She lays her damages at \$75,000. Up to the time she made the acquaintance of Mr. Fleming she was a pupil at Mount St. Vincent's academy. Mr. Fleming first met Miss Livingston at Tom's River, N. J., during the Thanksgiving holidays in 1879. She was then stopping at the residence of her mother, Mrs. Bliss. According to the plaintiff's statement he saw her often after and one day took her from the hotel where she was residing in New York to a house in Sixth avenue, where he had intercourse with her, as she alleges, against her will.

In Jan., 1882, she gave birth to a child and she says that the defendant defrayed her expenses in New York for several months before and after this date and did not avow his intention of breaking off the engagement until last May. She gave her testimony in the supreme court of Kings county, L. I., on Jan. 8th to this effect, with apparent candor, while her mother, Mrs. Bliss, who also appeared in court, took care of the child who occasionally made himself heard amid the wrangling of counsel. The plaintiff was represented by Messrs. Sawyer and Newcomb and the defendant by Mr. Howe.

The defense set up to the action was that Miss Livingston was not a virtuous woman when introduced to Mr. Fleming. Mr. Howe charged in his answer that she was an inmate of a disorderly house and that a conspiracy had been entered into between herself and her mother against his client.

On the 9th inst. the case was resumed before an immense audience and the spicy and smutty points began to develop thickly. Mr. Sawyer appeared for the plaintiff and Howe & Hummel, for the defendant. The interest was greatly heightened by the reading in evidence of a number of letters written by the fair plaintiff to her recent lover after the commission of the deed of which she complains.

The youngster, her son, as she alleges, by Fleming, was in court and made things lively by frequently crying and frequently stopped the court proceedings altogether by his infantile exhibitions of temper and lungs. Mr. Howe undertook the cross examination of Miss Livingston and heightened the interest considerably by the broad questions he asked and got answers to from the lady, touching the most intimate private relations of herself and Mr. Fleming, especially on what she considered the "fatal night." From among several letters she identified we make the following extracts of salient points bearing on the case:

In one of them she writes: "So young, so young, I am not used to tears at night instead of slumber nor to prayer with sobbing lips and hands outwring." In another she says: "I am so sad, oh, so sad, this evening but I often am nowadays. I cannot amuse myself as formerly was my custom. Ah, yes, the joy has departed from my life. *** What hope has the future for me? *** I have been proud all my life about some things but I forgot that pride once and since then, poor thing, it has had a fall."

In others she says: "Did a fate send you across my path? *** Can I go home again and live my bright girlish life over again? Will the things that have satisfied me ever do so again? Can I take pleasure in all those simple little amusements? *** You well know I am struggling to be brave. I am struggling against death. I am making an effort and trusting to you. *** How would you like to change places with me? For love of you I have lost everything that a woman has dear, every respectable pleasure in life. *** If I must be disgraced let me at least have the pleasure of your society. *** I look to you to stand by me and shield me; my very life depends upon it."

Letters written by Mrs. Bliss, the plaintiff's mother, to the defendant, urging him to act as an honorable man, were also put in evidence.

To Mr. Howe the plaintiff said that the charge that she was intimate with other men was false. Her attention was directed to a letter dated Nov. 30, 1881, and she admitted that she wrote certain things therein that might be construed to her disadvantage. She never said that her mother wanted Fleming all to herself. She admitted that she never told any other friends of her engagement to Fleming. To her knowledge the house where she stayed on 33rd street and 6th avenue was not an improper place. In April, 1882, after the birth of the child she gave up her bedroom one night to Fleming at 1,000 6th avenue, and she occupied another room with her mother.

In redirect the plaintiff said that she did not introduce Fleming as her affianced because he asked to keep everything quiet.

In opening for the defense Mr. Howe gave a scathing history of the case from Mr. Fleming's view. He laid the blame of the whole affair on Mrs. Bliss, the mother of the girl, saying in effect:

"While I feel profound pity for this poor girl, I have the greatest contempt for the base, designing woman whose tool she was, and whose true character will have to be unmasked before the close of this case. This woman, who so far forgot a mother's instincts as to calmly listen to the tale of an attempted outrage by her husband upon her own flesh and blood. We shall show you that this defendant, whom I shall not attempt to hold up to you as a paragon of virtue, but simply as a young man who, like hundreds of other young men, allowed his passions at times to control his better judgment, was fixated upon by this base and sordid woman as a victim from whom to wring her sordid blood money, and that in this endeavor she has made her own child an instrument.

"We shall show that Mr. Fleming met Bliss in a

bar-room, and after an hour's acquaintance was invited to the house of the latter, at Tom's River. A few evenings later, while visiting Koster & Bial's, in 23d street, Fleming again met Bliss, and was introduced to his wife and daughter and a Mrs. Miller. Both Bliss and his wife then gave Fleming an invitation to call upon them. He agreed to do so, and went to Tom's River, and found Mrs. Bliss at home; during the evening Fleming was taken ill and compelled to go to bed, and the first thing he noticed upon retiring to his room was that the walls of this apparently respectable house were covered with pictures, which, to state it mildly, were exceedingly indecent. That night about 10 o'clock this pure and virtuous mother visited him in his room, and this was the beginning of their intimacy.

"We shall show you that the defendant frequently met Mrs. Bliss in the street at night by appointment, and that he visited different hotels with her, among them being the Cosmopolitan, Grand Central, West Side and others. We should also show you that this girl was perfectly aware of the intimacy existing between her mother and the defendant, and that the daughter occasionally twitted her mother in regard to it. In May or June, 1881, Mr. Fleming noticed an evident disposition to throw him as much as possible into the society of her daughter, and on one occasion, where they remained all night, Fleming received a note from Alice, saying that her mother had gone to Philadelphia, and that she wished him to call without fail that evening. He called upon her and the girl desired him to take her out. He did so, and they finally entered a room in the West Side Hotel."

On the 10th inst., Mr. Fleming, the defendant, was called to the stand and gave his testimony as follows: When he first visited Tom's River he was taken sick and shown to a bed room. He was surprised to see on the wall pictures of nude men and women. The witness described them in revolting detail. He had not called upon the plaintiff for five or seven weeks after June 23, 1881, the day after the alleged betrayal. He met the plaintiff and her mother within fifty or sixty feet of his house, No. 9 Twenty-fourth street. Mrs. Bliss told him that if he did not call and make it all right with Alice, they would make trouble for him. He made an evasive reply and passed on. Nothing was said about marriage. He overlooked their threats and finally he was intimidated into calling upon them at the Grand Boulevard Hotel. Then threats to go to law and demands for money and for the support of Alice were begun. Mrs. Bliss demanded \$30 a week for Alice, and he agreed to pay this.

On his cross-examination, Mr. Fleming said he was 23 years old, was not a churchman, but had been brought up as an Episcopalian. He went to school until he was 15 or 16 years old. Notwithstanding he had sworn in his answer that the plaintiff was a cyprian a long time prior to June 22, 1881, and was an inmate of a respectable house under the name of Lawrence, he said he did not know himself that she had been an inmate of any respectable house, but he had been informed that she lived in such houses in Third street, near Sixth avenue, in Marion street and in Clarkson street. He was told by a man named Potter that ten years ago she was an inmate of the house in Marion street. (The plaintiff was 21 years old on July 9, 1882.)

He was also told that about twenty years ago she was the inmate of such a house in Clarkson street. He got this information from Potter, a detective, whose acquaintance he made five or six months ago, and whose address he had forgotten. From June 24, 1881, he made up his mind that Miss Livingston was trying to blackmail him. He made the arrangements for the plaintiff's care in Thirty-eighth street with Mrs. Bliss. He had paid in cash and checks to the mother from December, 1881, to May, 1882, about \$1,500 or \$1,600. The occurrence of June 22, 1881 (the fatal night alluded to before) was a result of Miss Livingston's solicitation.

The defense here rested and Miss Livingston was called in rebuttal. Explaining the alleged improper pictures in the country house at Tom's River, she said that the place was formerly owned by Thomas Placide, the actor, who had the tastes of an artist, and who had made a choice collection of French plates of nude figures. On the fatal night of June 22 she was not expecting Mr. Fleming's call. He proposed a walk and asked her to put on a favorite hat, an ecrú straw-trimmed with ecrú lace. She never knew until this trial that he took her to the West Side Hotel, and she did not know where that hotel was. All that she had previously sworn to about his violence and her resistance was strictly true. She never was in a house in Third avenue, in Clarkson street, or in Marion street, and she did not know where those houses were.

Nothing was ever said to Mr. Fleming about buying her a \$10,000 house. In May, 1882, he wanted her to select a house in Greenpoint, which he said he would furnish for her, but she refused to accept it. Mr. Fleming told her that if she would call at his office and look over some papers which he had there and sign them he would mention her name and his child's name in his will. He never gave her any money until she became ill and then he paid her board and paid the nurse. She never threatened Mr. Fleming nor intimidated him.

She continued: I was born in my grandfather's house, 114 East 30th street. My father was the Hon. Robert Swift Livingston and in my childhood I lived at my father's country seat in Almont on the Hudson river. My third name is derived from that place. I lived there until my father died, which was when I was very young. We lived afterward in the Union Square Hotel, in the Springler House, at grandma's in 30th street and then in my mother's house in 53d st., which she purchased. I went to a private school, then to the 24th street school, then to Rutgers College two terms. I next went to Mount St. Vincent Academy. My mother went to Europe and I boarded with my aunt, Mrs. Davis, in Harlem. After my mother's marriage to Mr. Bliss we traveled in Maine, visiting his relatives. Then I remained at boarding school until we went to live at Tom's River. My father was married to my mother on April 30, 1860. Under my father's will I am told that I am entitled to a sum of money now in the hands of the city chamberlain. I don't know the amount.

Mr. Sawyer said that the amount was between \$50,000 and \$70,000. He testified that he had been her counsel for years and had never heard of her connection with Mr. Fleming until he was employed to bring suit.

The trial closed on Thursday, Jan. 11, with a verdict for the plaintiff for the full amount of damages asked—\$75,000. The decision was received with cheers by those in the court room and the fair plaintiff became the heroine of the hour. Defendant's counsel applied for stay of judgment and permission to make motion for a new trial on the ground of excessive damages.

SOME ADVICE TO THE LILY.

An Old Rounder Gives Her a Word of Warning
Founded On His Own Experience.

The Lily objects to the free and easy tone in which the press of this country treats her. She will find much profit, however, in closely scanning the scribe's lucubrations and culling the grains of worldly wisdom from among their "chaff." Here's what a wise one of the fraternity, Peck, of Milwaukee, writes of her:

It is said that when any one speaks to Mrs. Langtry about her impropriety in being so familiar with young Gebhardt, she looks surprised and says, "Why, Freddy is a mere boy. He is only twenty-three years old." We do not desire to give advice where it is not needed, but as an old man we cannot help telling Mrs. Langtry to beware of the American boys of twenty-three. English boys of that age may be mere children that handsome women can use as pets, the same as they would use poodles, with no serious results. The English boys of twenty-three may be pulling infants that can be held in the lap, but the American boy of that age is not that kind of a hairpin, and a handsome English woman who presumes upon the youth and innocence of such a child is liable to wake up to a realizing sense, when it is everlastingly too late, that the American youth of twenty-three is endowed with certain inalienable rights, among which is life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Freddy may appear to be, to the untutored mind of an English beauty, a harmless little child, good enough to carry shawls to a matinee, but unacquainted with the wickedness of the world, but when she learns that American boys in roundabouts do not permit handsome women to pet them with impunity, without showing that they know what is the matter with Hanner, she will keep the twenty-three-year-old American little boy on the other side of the barbed wire fence.

We do not blame the lady. She has simply been deceived in the style of the American youth. She has lived all her life where men have become princes before they can say their souls are their own. She has lived where men in the ordinary walks of life think they are in luck if they are allowed to look at a handsome woman, and who never know what it is to love until they are so old that they wear false teeth. She has lived where a boy of twenty-three is not allowed to go in company without his mother, and where they do not learn to be truly bad till late in life. In acting as a mother to young Gebhardt Mrs. Langtry is taking many chances, and as an old man who knows much of the American youth from experience, we advise her to quit.

If the English lady only knew of half the damage that has been done by American mere boys of twenty-three and under, she would have a care, and would not allow this youth the freedom of her boudoir. We do not know what a boudoir is, but it is something that belongs to a woman, and Freddy is too young to be there. It is none of our business, but as the lady seems to be unsophisticated—at least no one knows that she has been sophisticated—we deem it a duty to warn her against these boys. It is unsafe to hold this youth in her lap, just as unsafe as it would be to hold a grown person. Because she looks upon him as a mere boy, she may be tempted to let him kiss her, and that would break her all up. American boys of twenty-three kiss so near like grown persons as to deceive the oldest inhabitants, and if he is a representative American youth and she allows him privileges far beyond his years she will find that it is not good for man to be alone with an English beauty. She may not believe it, but American mere boys have been known to frequent the vicinity of ladies who did not realize that the boys were men to all intents and purposes until it has been necessary to call in the neighbors and wake up the old folks and call the minister up in the night to celebrate nuptials, and there was trouble all around. We mention these things that this lone woman may realize that what appears in America to be a "mere boy" may actually turn out to be the oldest kind of a person, full of guile, who plays the fool in buying diamonds for an actress while in his heart there lurks wicked designs upon her piece of mind.

The woods are full of them, and as an elderly person who hates to see such innocence placed in an awkward position, we go out of the beaten path and implore this woman, who has such child-like faith in a "mere boy of twenty-three," to compel him to keep on his side of the cutter, and not, under any circumstances, to allow herself to drive the horses while he puts his arm around her seal skin cloak to get his hands warm. Freddy is a bold, bad man, and we would bet on it. He would admit it, himself, privately, we have no doubt.

ANOTHER GOOD YOUNG MAN GONE WRONG.

He Smuggles a Young Girl Into His Tony Boarding House and Keeps Her a Close Prisoner.

There was a pretty expose in Pittsburg, Pa., on Dec. 23, that shocked the occupants of a first-class boarding house. One of the favorite boarders was a young man of twenty years named Harry Whiting, who dressed in the very tip top hon ton style and who wore the easy society manners of the day with an ease and grace that branded him a very lum tum high art order of young man. For him were all the honors of the table, for him the smiles of the landlady and of the tony mammas with the marriageable daughters.

But, alas these things are no more. Harry has given himself away, and the whole house and all of Pittsburg as well, has tumbled to an astounding racket of his.

Harry it seems, is "crooked" with the girls, and even carried his crookedness home to the boarding house. That was the unpardonable part of it. How did it come out? Listen!

On Tuesday, Dec. 23, a lady named Murray made complaint to the authorities that her daughter Mamie, aged only 16, had gone to a ball with young Whiting on Christmas night, and had left the halls of revelry at 2 A. M. with him, but had not returned home. The young girl, however, turned up at last on the evening of Wednesday, Dec. 27, and confessed to her mother that Whiting had persuaded her to go with him to his room in the boarding house, and had kept her there until Wednesday evening. A warrant was issued for the arrest of Whiting, and being taken into custody on Dec. 29, he coolly explained the matter as follows:

"I've known the girl for about two years. I've seen her quite often at balls. She asked me several times to dance with her and I did so. When I started to go home she asked if she could go along and I said yes. I took her to my room. It was late, and I slipped her up stairs into my room, the proprietress not knowing she was there. My stepbrother rooms with me, and

he was in bed at the time. We all went to bed together. My stepbrother got up early the next morning, but we did not leave the room until after dark Tuesday afternoon, when I watched my chance and slipped her out. Once during Tuesday some one of the family came to my room door to clean the room, but I answered that I was not feeling very well and would stay still till after supper. Tuesday evening we went over to town and got supper. After walking around for a short time we again went over to our room and we stayed there until Wednesday morning, when I told her that she could not come back again. That is all I know about the case. However," continued the young man, "she was not locked up against her will, for she asked to go there."

When the landlady of the boarding house heard this story she flung "dear Harry" out on the sidewalk. It is perhaps better he should be in jail under the circumstances. He is safer there until the denizens of that hashery resume their normal state of beatitude.

A RICH MESS OF SCANDAL.

High Society in Washington Thrown into a
Spasm by Shocking Revelations.

A social scandal that is likely to involve some of the most aristocratic names in Washington is imminent. There are four characters in the murky, dirty romance, a Spaniard, a Yankee colonel, an irate father and a society belle. The count fell in love with the belle and stooped to conquer. He disguised himself as a tutor and was engaged to teach the young lady the French language. If rumor is true he went further and taught her the broadest French morals and manners, with object lessons and illustrations. The Yankee colonel was the intended of the young lady and he viewed the tutor with a suspicion that soon grew into hatred. The cruel parent favored the colonel and a few days ago they put up a job and caught the tutor and the damoiselle in the parlor in closest sort of relationship. The count was fired out. The next day he sent a challenge to the colonel through a prominent naval officer. The colonel lost his temper on receiving the cartel and he and the gallant tar had a set to right there, in which the colonel was neatly slogged by the tough young man of the sea. The next day there was another naval officer appeared with a challenge from the first naval officer and so the colonel has two duels on his hands. Every effort is being made to smother the story but the blood-thirsty principals are pretty sure to bring out all the details by having a meeting sooner or later. The Spanish count especially has blood in his eye and nothing but gore will satisfy him.

A SISTER OF CHARITY WEDDED.

Remarkable Nuptials That Have Made a Social
Sensation in Baltimore.

A quiet wedding of a decidedly unusual character has thrilled Baltimore society. It occurred at the Arch-Episcopal residence on New Year's eve. The bride was Miss Lizzie McDonald, who for eleven years has been a Catholic sister of charity and before becoming a religious was a belle in Baltimore society, being very beautiful and accomplished. The groom was Mr. Patrick Moore of Washington, and the story of their love and the young sister's life is rather romantic. She entered the order of the sisters of charity when about 20 years old and during her sisterhood was engaged at different times teaching music in seminaries in Mobile, Milwaukee, Chicago and Mount De Sales, Baltimore.

Several years ago she became seriously ill and her father obtained permission from the church authorities to remove her home. She was ill for a long time and on recovering at first announced her intention to return to the sisterhood, having never severed her connection. Her father became ill however and she nursed him to recovery. She then went to visit a friend in Washington, where she met Mr. Moore and friendship ripened into love. She concluded to leave the sisterhood, receiving a dispensation to that effect, though still remaining a devoted member of the church, and was married by a Catholic priest.

A NEW YEAR'S CALL.

A Band of Masked Robbers Drop In, Help Them-
selves Freely and Skip.

On the night of Jan. 3, at about 8 o'clock, four masked men entered the residence of William Arnold, near Douglass Grove, Ill., and after binding and gagging the occupants, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Arnold, two hired men and a servant girl, proceeded to ransack the premises. They succeeded in finding little of value but believing that Mr. Arnold had money concealed they placed a gun to his head and threatened to blow his brains out unless he revealed the hiding place of his wealth. Very reluctantly Mr. Arnold turned over to the ruffians the sum of \$1,000, the hard earned savings of weary toil. The thieves then left the house and repaired to the stables where each possessed himself of a good horse and rode away. There is no chance of capturing the robbers, as they left no clue behind and obtained a good start of all pursuers.

W. B. MULVEY, DEFAULTER.

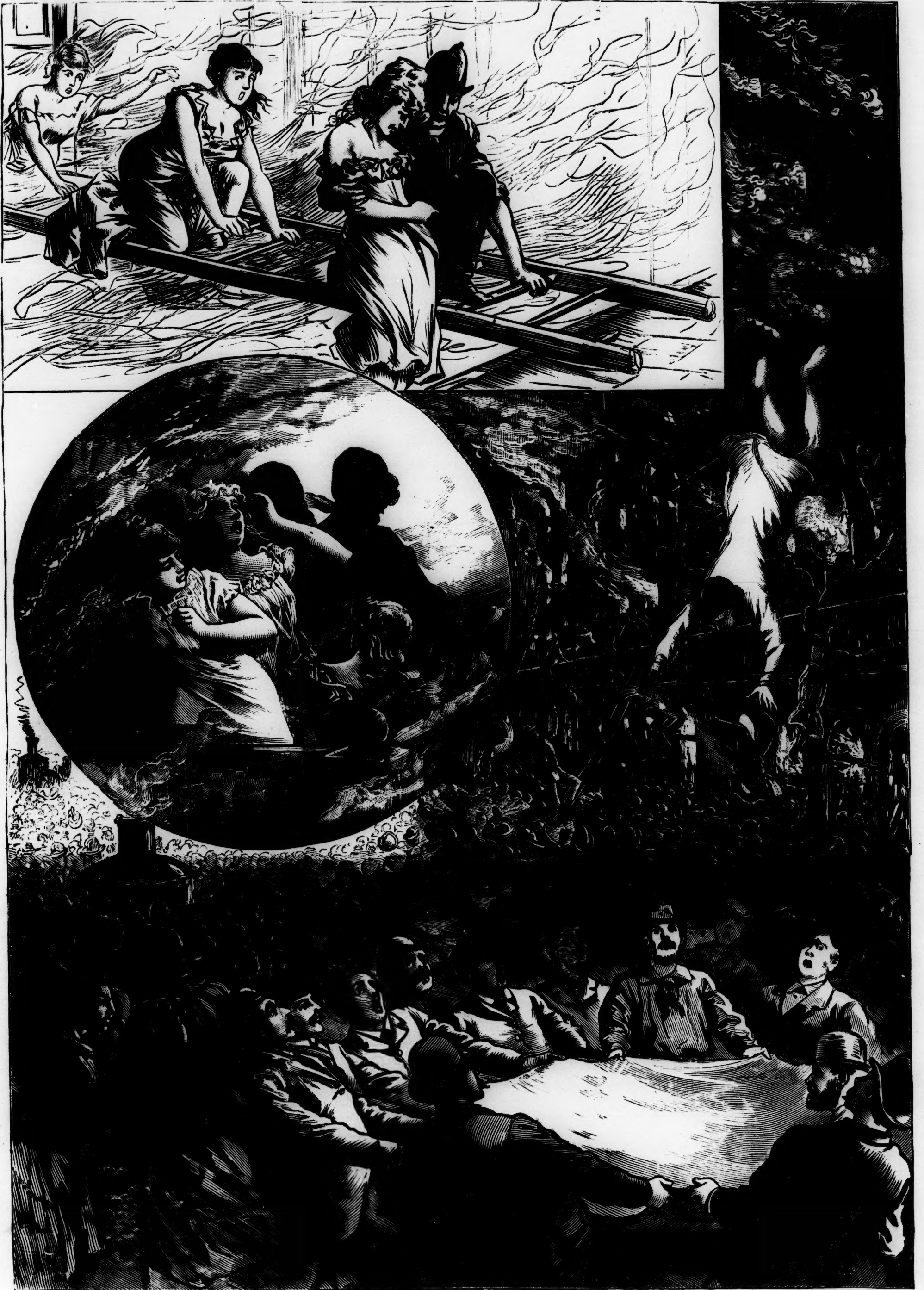
[With Portrait.]

A reward of \$500 is offered for the arrest and delivery to the authorities in Minneapolis, Minn., of W. B. Mulvey, late bookkeeper for C. Aultman & Co.'s branch house in that city. In addition to an excellent portrait we publish the following description of the man to aid those who may be willing to take the chances of arresting him and gaining the reward: age about 28 years, height about 5ft 6in., weight about 135 pounds, light hair and blue eyes, wore a light mustache, walks straight and quick, writes a round, rapid and legible hand. Aultman & Co. will pay the reward.

MADHOUSE HORRORS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Our courts have recently given a needed showing up of the horrors of our madhouses. Whether the exposures will lead to any reforms remains to be seen. If they do not we shall be forced to conclude that justice has ceased to be attainable under our so-called civilized laws. Such enormities as our artist illustrates are of daily occurrence in the cells to which our lunatics and not a few sane men are doomed. It is a blot upon our nation and its laws that they can exist, not for years as they have, but for a day.



AN APPALLING HORROR.

THE NEWHALL HOUSE AT MILWAUKEE, WIS., IS BURNED IN THE EARLY MORNING, AND ONE HUNDRED OF ITS SLUMBERING GUESTS ARE ROASTED ALIVE.



"IS THIS MR. REILLY. CAN ANYONE TELL?"

THE OPEN-AIR CONCERT JOE POTTS GOT UP FOR THE CITIZENS OF PARIS, AS DESCRIBED IN "PARIS INSIDE OUT," PAGE 6.



A BLOOD CURDLING HORROR.

A WOMAN PURSUED BY A PACK OF MOUNTAIN WOLVES IN WESTERN COLORADO, SACRIFICES HER BABE TO THE SAVAGE BEASTS TO SAVE HER OWN LIFE.

A BLOOD CURDLER.

A Woman's Awful Midnight Adventure with a Pack of Wolves.

She Throws Her Baby to the Hungry Brutes, and then, Frantic with Remorse, Commits Suicide.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A correspondent writing from Leadville, Colo., under date December 30, details the following thrilling story:

A passenger on last evening's stage from Aspen brings another account of an adventure with wolves in the range just across the valley, commonly called the snowy range, but more properly called the Saguache. It is the general impression among old timers that the white wolves are much more numerous there now than ever before, which is probably owing to the settlement of the country so far beyond and consequent extermination of deer and other game on which they prey. The white wolves or mountain wolves, as they are ordinarily called to distinguish them from the smaller and far more cowardly prairie wolves, are the largest and most dangerous of all the canines of the new world. Their ferocity under the influence of hunger is terrible. Their speed is above the average of wild animals considered swift. Their courage is equal to any of the domesticated dogs. So that in all they are more to be dreaded than almost any animal in the mountains.

Near the top of the range is the cabin of John Norville, a settler, who has been prospecting in the locality for some time, and kept his residence there during the winter. His cabin stands only a few yards from the road and is sheltered from sight by the spruce woods. With him resided his wife and a child about a year old. Norville was the happy possessor of a little money, and like most prospectors, considered a pony one of the most valuable adjuncts of the business. At odd times during the fall he constructed a sleigh of rude workmanship and rigged up a harness for the team. With this outfit the little family have been accustomed to do their running around. On the afternoon of Dec. 27th, Norville had to go to Ashcroft to attend to some business, which would require his attention during the 28th. So he got his wife to go with him with the horse and sleigh as far as the summit, and then leaving her and the child to return alone, he walked on, on his journey. He saw them in life no more. They turned to start back, but after going a short distance the harness broke, and before going on they had to stop while the woman repaired it as best she could.

When about a mile from the cabin darkness had set in, and as she drove along holding the child in her arms, a sharp yelp suddenly caused the pony to prick up his ears and start up faster. She was not an old-timer, but she knew there was danger of some kind and her belief was fully confirmed, as yelp after yelp answered back, and in a few minutes at least a dozen bloodthirsty wolves sprang into the road and began their chase of the human prey. There was no necessity of urging the pony. The frightened animal rushed on with all his speed and the rude sleigh flew down the mountain road at more than railway speed. But the pursuit was more speedy than the flight. The yelping fiends were gaining at every jump, and one had already got even with the sleigh, and with white fangs, thrown in deeper relief by the contrast with his red jaws, leaped at the pony, which he seemed to understand furnished the motive power for the flying conveyance. At this moment a brief respite was given. The woman's shawl, flapping over her shoulders in the night wind, broke its fastening and fell to the ground. The entire pack stopped to tear it to pieces and fight over it before they discovered what it was.

Notwithstanding her terror, the woman noticed the sudden stopping of the pursuers and looked back. She realized the situation and for a moment took hope from the chance of so stopping them again. They found their mistake but too quickly, and were at once again on the trail, their hot breath almost reaching the occupants of the sleigh. She threw her hood out and a couple of minutes more were gained. Again they relinquished the bait and again were close to their game. This time the buffalo robe went and kept them a moment longer than the others had. But the wolves were getting used to this. They could not be deceived much longer by this sort of work. Other articles thrown out got but a passing sniff from the horrible brutes, which thirsted for blood and blood only. They passed the Norville cabin. The pony did not attempt to turn in. It would have been useless if he had.

The door was fastened, and before she could have got inside they would have fallen a sure prey to the evening pack. The wolves were on them again. There was apparently no escape save by sacrifice of some life. In that moment of awful despair, with death reaching his bony hand to clutch her, the woman forgot her humanity, forgot her motherhood, and threw the child to the hungry mouths which opened behind them. It was a dreadful thing to do. The heart of every man and every woman who breathes must recoil in horror from the deed, but it is not certain what any one else would have done under the circumstances.

The woman was crazed with terror. She did not realize the significance of her act. She could not have done it if her mind had been under control, as her subsequent remorse and atonement proved. The sleigh flew on. The first neighbor below them was reached. The wolves had finished their work with the child, as a dog snaps up a cracker tossed to him by his master and caught as it flies through the air. They began their pursuit again with their ferocity redoubled by the taste of warm blood which they had obtained. The pony turned in at the neighbor's. He came out. Through the open door the bright light of a huge fire cast its glare over the white snow. The wolves stopped as they met it, and a fire brand hurled at them and followed by a few shots from the revolver of Andy Bond, the neighbor, sent them skulking away.

The woman was assisted into the house, and the pony safely housed in a log shed adjoining. The condition of the woman was indescribable. As she began to recover from her terror she began to realize her situation and what she had done. In wild heartrending cries she asked for her child again, and through her excited and somewhat incoherent answers to the questions asked her the particulars of the occurrence were elicited sufficiently to let her hearers know, but too well what had been.

Suddenly, in the midst of a paroxysm of anguish,

she leaped from her seat, darted to the table and snatching a hunting knife which lay there, plunged it again and again into her bosom. Before any one could reach her she fell to the floor heavily and the knife sticking then in her breast was driven in past the hilt with the fall. She was picked up, but she was dead.

AN APPALLING HORROR.

One Hundred Guests Burned Alive in a Milwaukee Hotel.

[Subject of Illustration.]

An awful calamity occurred at Milwaukee at 4 A. M. on Jan. 10. At that time a fire broke out in the Newhall House, a hotel of the largest size, occupying one large block all by itself. The house was very lofty and filled with guests. The ground floor all around was occupied by stores, the hotel office being approached by a staircase to the second story. The fire began at the foot of the elevator shaft and ran up to the top story in a few minutes. In half an hour the entire building was a seething mass of flame in every part. Those of the guests and servants who were awakened from their slumber found the smoke and flames rolling and racing through the halls and they were driven at once to the windows as the only means of escape. The hotel being a very lofty building most of the inmates who sought this means of escape escaped death from fire to meet it in another form. Great numbers leaped from the windows and were killed by the terrible fall.

By the time the firemen reached the scene the windows on the upper floors were swarming with men, women and children in their night clothes whose frenzied shrieks of agony rent the air and struck horror to the souls of the crowd that stood in the streets witnesses of the awful scene and yet unable to offer the least assistance. The proprietor of the hotel, John S. Antisdel, who had escaped to the street, added to the excitement by running to and fro in the lighted area shrieking frantically:

"My God, my God, who set this on fire?"

Then there would come a piercing scream and a heavy crash would announce that another human being had fallen to the pavement and crushed out his life. At one time there were six persons hanging from window sills on the sixth story, each dropping successively and evoking a terrible shriek of terror at each fall from the multitude of horrified spectators.

Mr. Antisdel went insane over the scene and it is feared his mind is permanently unbalanced. One man by letting himself down at arms' length from a fifth story window put his foot through the window below and reached the fourth floor in safety. This operation was repeated until the third floor was reached, each point gained in his perilous descent being greeted with encouraging cheers from the bystanders. As he was putting his feet through the top of the second story window his hand slipped from the sill above and with a wild shriek of despair he fell backward, turning over several times and striking the pavement. He was picked up and carried off a mangled corpse. Another man jumped from the fifth story window, struck the telegraph wires on Michigan street, bounded up and came down a mangled mass of flesh and bones. Firemen and citizens joined in supporting a stretcher of canvas. One man jumped and landed upon the canvas with his feet; the canvas slipped from the grasp of the men who held it and he struck the sidewalk with great force, sustaining injuries which caused his death several hours later. Two others essayed to reach the canvas but missed their mark and were killed. During the progress of the fire two men appeared at a window in an upper story. As they looked down on the scene below the floor of the room gave way and with an agonizing shriek they fell backward into the vortex of flame. Mr. Allan Johnson and his wife sprang from a fifth story window. He was caught in the jumping canvas but sustained injuries from which he died. His wife struck the telegraph wires bounded over and was also caught but was so badly injured that she only survived her husband about an hour.

While these scenes were being enacted on the Broadway and Michigan sides of the ill-fated building, one of still greater horror was being enacted in the alley at the rear. The servants' quarters were in the northwest part of the building, remote from the place in which the fire was raging, but all means of escape by the stairways were cut off by the flames. As the terrible roaring and the crackling of the flames struck upon their ears they became panic stricken, and eight of them followed each other in leaping from the dizzy height to the ground in the alley. The jumping canvas was on hand but it was powerless in the conflict with death. At this juncture a heroic fireman appeared on the top of the building directly opposite the servants' quarters with a ladder in his hand.

For a moment the long, unwieldy thing poised in midair and then descended with a crash through the window of the hotel. It formed a bridge across the alley, however, and before it became steady in its position the man had crossed over into the burning building. Then, amid the cheers of the multitude below, the man dragged the helpless creatures across the slender bridge until seven or eight were rescued. They were all in their night clothes. A woman in a dead faint, unable to help herself in any particular, was dragged across in safety, but one time the whole of her body was hanging over clear of the ladder, while the brave man held her by one of her ankles. The crowd below held their breath in suspense, expecting every minute to see the ladder fall over or break beneath the terrible strain. The man, however, was equal to the emergency, and, by a herculean effort, pulled her through the slender bridge and finally placed her out of danger, while the crowd, which had endured the most painful suspense for ten minutes, burst forth with round after round of applause.

The hotel was a favorite abiding place of travelling dramatic troupes. At the time the fire broke out, Tom Thumb's Company, the Minnie Palmer Combination and the Madison Square "Esmeralda" troupe, were in the hotel. The little general and his wife were rescued by a giant policeman who took one under each arm and walked away with them. Several members of the General's company, including his valet, were burned to death, however. The Minnie Palmer troupe lost its baggage, and all the members escaped except two. These were John Gilbert, the leading comedian, and a young actress, his bride, to whom he had been married only the day before, Tuesday, Jan. 9, in Chicago. Both perished, the young actress being dashed to pieces by jumping from an upper window. It was reported that there were 350 guests in the hotel, and the dead, counting servants and guests sacrificed to the flames, count up one hundred.

RUNAWAY MATCHES.

Some Novel and Amusing Specimens of Romantic Elopements.

The elopement fever is still raging all over the country. A young girl nowadays is hardly content with matrimony unless she has been run away with. Without a romantic episode of the Gretna Green sort there seems to be something lacking in her nuptials and she doesn't seem half married if the ceremony goes on in the old cut and dried, everybody-willing style. We present this week in brief a few samples of the latest fly away styles of nuptials:

While a Louisville hackman was standing ruminating on a street corner on New Year's eve he heard a commotion, a little scream, an oath or two and although bewildered noticed that something in silk and with pink cheeks and sparkling eyes was being fired into his coach. The door was slammed to, a man sprang on the box and seized the reins and while the Jehu was climbing up too the stranger began lashing the horses furiously and they started down the street at a dead run.

The coachman did not notice that two men were hanging on behind until the stranger turned about and lashed them furiously with the whip until they relinquished their hold and rolled off in the mud.

Meanwhile the hackman was learning that his team was bound for the Jeffersonville ferry, that the girl in the bus was "quite willing, of course," that the "devilish crowd behind" was composed of nobody in particular and that he held in his hand a crisp \$10 bill. Away went the lovers: sparks flew from the cobble stones and Jehu trembled as his team swung corners, so that he was very glad when the couple left him, just in time for them to catch the outbound 8 o'clock steamer. Some curious things came about during the hour that followed. The runaway lovers found in Jeffersonville a Gretna Green in a Jeffersonville preacher, a true blue parson indeed, and in the nuptial knot hurriedly tied a hawser strong enough to hold the matrimonial bark. The pursuers, who were the father and big brothers of the bride, reached Jeffersonville by the next boat to find that the ceremony had been performed.

There the whole party met; it was decided to make the best of it and all returned in the same boat in the very happiest frame of mind all around.

Here are two lovers from abroad who found their Gretna Green in the land of the free. Two months ago Henri Mouton, a young Frenchman, appeared in Wallingford and obtained work in a factory. He was straightforward in dealing with his employer and told him why he had left Paris. As his story ran his father was wealthy but quite tyrannical. The son had fallen in love with Adele Poinier, to whom the father objected because she was not of high family. Father and son quarreled and the latter at once started for America with the understanding that Mlle. Poinier was to follow him after a while.

When he had related these circumstances Henri sent a cable dispatch to his sweetheart to come to America by the next steamer leaving Havre. On the Friday before Christmas Mlle. Poinier reached New York and the next day she joined her lover at Wallingford where they were married by Justice Spier. Before sailing Mouton had applied for an appointment as gendarme at Gaudaloupe and the same steamer which brought over his bride also brought his commission for that position. It brought in addition a letter from Mouton's father begging his son to return home and promising consent to the marriage if he would. The consent came too late however to make any difference in the arrangements. Monsieur Mouton and his wife will sail in a few days for Gaudaloupe.

You remember our report in the POLICE GAZETTE some weeks ago of the caprice of the wealthy young girl, Miss Lizzie M. Morton of Hopkinsville, Ky., who wavered between two gallant swains, Joel D. McPherson and young Mr. Holman, and who had the two bridegrooms and all the wedding guests assembled on two occasions at her father's house and then couldn't make up her mind to marry either? Well, she's made it up at last. She married McPherson a couple of weeks ago and Holman was present and behaved himself very well.

On the 26th of December last John H. Wilson and Mrs. West of Sewickley, Beaver county, Pa., appeared at Chestertown, Md., in search of a runaway couple. The lover was Mr. Wilson's son and the girl was Mrs. West's daughter, Omer being the name of the youth and Virginia that of the lass. To questioners at Chestertown Mr. Wilson and Mrs. West replied that they had offered no objection to the marriage, the elopement being a romantic freak. The lovers had been traced to various Pennsylvania towns and at last to Kent county, Md. Mr. Wilson and Mrs. West remained at Chestertown for several days but could learn nothing as to the exact whereabouts of the young folks. On the day of the departure of the elders the eloping pair drove into Chestertown for the purpose of surrendering but they were too late.

On Christmas week Judge Greer of Oglethorpe, Ga., heard a loud call from the street.

"What do you wish?" asked the judge of a young man who sat in a buggy, a pretty girl being by his side.

"Please marry us," said the youth.

"Shall I?" inquired the official, looking at the girl.

"Yes," she said, and the lovers were married as they sat in the buggy. After the couple had ridden away the girl's father drove hurriedly up and paused to rip out a choice collection of Georgia oaths of the most approved pattern.

GAME COCKS IN PRISON.

A Lot of Gay Roosters Become Jailbirds in Detroit and Demoralize the Prisoners.

[Subject of Illustration.]

There is a very strange complication of affairs at the jail in Detroit, Mich. Fourteen fighting cocks captured by sheriff Clippert in a raid on a meeting of cock fighters during the holiday times occupy fourteen separate cells and crow night and day, to the great annoyance of turnkey Crandall and the other prisoners. The turnkey and the favorite prisoners are said to have had some fun with the birds when they were first brought in but the sport palled and the new prisoners began to become a nuisance. The turnkey is in a quandary. He dares not economize room by locking them up together, as in that event the legend of the Kilkenny cats would certainly be equalled by the legend of the Wayne county roosters. There were nineteen of them at first but one died the same night he was captured, from injuries received in the pit. Four others were claimed next day by two individuals

who reluctantly called at the jail and gave their names to the sheriff.

On being advised by the prosecuting attorney to turn the roosters over to the pound master of Hamtramck the sheriff tried to do so and found to his surprise that Hamtramck had no pound master. There was one not long ago but he became disgusted with the office for some reason and resigned and no successor has been elected. The sheriff is therefore obliged to keep the chickens at the jail where he has his trouble for his pains, as he does not expect the county will pay the board of his feathered prisoners or recompense him for the extra trouble of keeping them.

A COLD-BLOODED MURDER.

A Bride of a Bagnio Ends Her Honeymoon in Violent Death.

[With Portraits.]

A couple of numbers back we published in the POLICE GAZETTE the brief details of the murder of a wife by her husband in a bagnio in Pittsburgh, Pa. In this issue we give the portraits of the murdered woman and her husband and the following more fully detailed account of the dreadful ending of their married misery:

About midnight on the night of Dec. 26 James Clark entered the bagnio of Ida Fagle, 81 Sixth ave., Pittsburgh, where Mollie Gillespie, alias George Long, boarded and in company with the girl retired to her room. Shortly after an animated conversation was carried on by the pair, during which the girl was heard by the landlady to cry for mercy and the next instant the report of a pistol reverberated through the house and a heavy body was heard to fall on the floor. Miss Fagle, the landlady, forced the door open and found Clark sitting on the edge of the bed with a smoking pistol in his hand and George stretched out at full length on the floor weltering in her blood. To the woman's remark of, "For God's sake, Jim, what have you done?" his answer was, "Let her go to hell."

Then he picked up his overcoat, threw it across his arm and coolly stepping over the murdered girl he strode out of the house. Some hours afterward the police, who appeared to be about the last to receive an intimation of the murder, put in an appearance and up to the present writing no information of a definite character has been gleaned of Clark's whereabouts. He is described as about 26 years of age, 5ft. 5in. in height, and weighs about 140 lbs. His complexion is light, hair and mustache very dark, eyes are dark brown with a watery appearance, while his countenance shows considerable traces of dissipation. At the post mortem it was shown that four bullets had entered the girl's body, one having entered the head at the left temple and passed through the brain; the second struck the third rib and split in two parts, one of which lodged in the left lobe of the lung; the third passed through the right shoulder and the fourth diagonally across the breast. The murdered woman, whose real name is Mollie Gillespie, was about twenty-two years of age and has been notorious for the past four or five years, having been associated with a number of bad men.

A MURDER FOR LOVE.

A Montana Beauty Deceived by a Masher From the East, Kills Him.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A correspondent of Butte City, Montana, gives the following details of a characteristic affair in society life in the vicinity of Weeksville in that state. Sarah Clark, a young woman of prepossessing appearance, but of no other accomplishments than those to be picked up in a life among the rough men of the mining camps, was shaken by "her feller," a young chap from the east named Ramsey, a clerk for a prospector or something of that sort. Ramsey had flirted with and flattered the ignorant beauty until she was well nigh out of her head, and when, on the eve of his departure for home, he coolly told her he was only fooling, and gave her "the dead shake," she went right off her base, and producing her revolver, put three bullets through his head.

His friend, the prospector, caught her trying to revive the dead body of her lover. She turned on him and covering him with a pistol, forced him to dig a grave and help her bury the murdered man, thus making himself, as she supposed, a party to the crime. This occurred in the early part of December, and the prospector kept the secret until January 5th, when he got within the boundaries of civilization, and rid himself of the terror with which the girl had inspired him. No legal action has been taken, and none would probably be possible in the wild country where the woman dwells, and where emotional effects are even more powerful than in the east.

ELOPED WITH A NIGGER.

A Thirteen Year Old White Girl Runs Away With a Colored Farm Hand.

Tae niggers down east are nothing if not fresh. They ape the crimes of the white men in every feature, even in their elopements. On Jan. 4 a darkey farm laborer, John Edwards, of St. Albans, Vt., ran away with a white girl, Kitty Marsh, aged 13, the daughter of Cass Marsh, for whom the dainty make had formerly worked. He stole horses and sleigh from his employer and calling at a school house where the girl was accepted his invitation to take a ride. The child not returning home the alarm was given. Search was vigorously prosecuted all over the northern part of the state. It was learned at Vergennes that the man and his victim spent the night at the Stevens House and started north early in the morning. It is not believed that the flight was prearranged on the part of the girl although her subsequent movements may have been voluntary. It is feared that they will reach Canada before being overtaken. Edwards has served a term for larceny.

HOW SHE DID IT ONCE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The life of an artist's model may have a good deal of romance about it. It often has. But it is rarely that its termination is romantic. Here, as abroad, you only too often find the old model, once her form is gone doing duty as a studio drudge. It was such a one whom our artist came upon the other morning in his studio, illustrating to a sister scrubwoman how she used to do it in the days of her youth. The difference between the past and the present could not be better illustrated than it is in his sketch of that episode. It is one of those touches of nature which need no description, for the story it tells is as eloquent itself as any words.

THE PRIZE RING.

Excitement Over the Forecast Shadows of Coming Events.

A Glimpse at the Past, the Present, and the Future of the American Pugilistic Arena.

In this week's issue we continue the POLICE GAZETTE's report of the great battle fought in Kentucky between Tom Allen and Joe Goss.

ROUND 11, continued—Exchanges on the head, and then Goss, after some moving about, got in another powerful hit with his right hand on Tom's left ribs, which nearly doubled him up. Allen next missed, and Joe made after him, but Allen ran away too fast for him.

Goss now saw Allen's weakness and forced the fighting all he could. He planted a swinging right-hander on Tom's damaged jaw, then tried it again but Allen got away. He then missed a left-hander at the head but planted a hard one with the left in the center of Tom's bread basket. Then Allen missed twice but afterward they countered, Joe on the forehead and Tom on Joe's mouth. Tom got on Goss' injured left eye and then they went slogging hard and both fell together from hard hitting. This was another wearing round for Allen, whose only chance was clearly to blind his adversary before he was knocked out of time.

Tom pulled himself together in this round though still playing the defensive dodge. Both men hit together, Allen on Goss' nose, adding to its deformity, while Goss landed his left on Allen's left eye; Goss was then short and Allen got on his nose again more heavily than before. He planted a third one on Joe's nose but when the latter made at him Tom ran half-way round the ring. Allen got another on Goss' nose, when the latter after delivering another rib binder fell by his spikes becoming fastened in grass or weeds. Tom walked to his corner.

A very short but very effective round, for, after a little sparring, they closed and Joe got Allen's head down to his breast, with his arm around his neck, and while Allen was in this dangerous position Goss threw him with tremendous force, shaking all the wind out of his body. Loud cheers for Goss and cries of "Two to one on Joe," but takers very shy.

Allen sparring for time but Joe, not to be denied, led off; both missed, then both stopped pretty tight-handed; next they countered on each other's mouths, then Goss got his left heavily on Tom's vaulting department and again on his left eye, when Goss stopped three left-handers; then Goss rushed at Tom and terrific hitting followed on the face about the neck, until Goss fell to the ground and Tom on the ropes.

Some very good sparring. Both men stopped pretty when Goss made a rush at Allen but the latter ran away and as Joe chased him fell rather suspiciously.

Some heavy exchanges pretty fairly divided and kept up, until Goss accidentally fell over the bucket in his own corner, which his bottle holder must have been a fool to leave in his way, as many a fight has been lost by a smaller trifle than this.

Allen weaker, but Joe forcing the fighting they were soon at hard slogging with right and left, until Goss fell on the ropes, where Allen hit him. A claim of foul was immediately made but Joe magnanimously waived it, saying amid loud cheers, "he was sure Tom did not mean to do it." The fact was, Allen, who felt his strength going, could not keep his temper from following and Goss could well afford to be generous.

It was now three to one on Goss, but there were no takers and ten to one would probably also have gone begging. After some quick slogging Joe was on his knees, when Allen again struck him and another claim of foul was made but not allowed. The fight went on until 21 rounds had been fought in 45 minutes, when on a claim of foul Goss was declared the winner. After the battle both pugilists were arrested. Allen secured bail and Goss was also admitted to bail. Allen then left mysteriously for England. On Allen's arrival he claimed to be the champion.

Tompkins Gilbert of Lincoln agreed to box Allen. The match was arranged and the pugilists agreed to fight Marquis of Queensbury rules. The battle was fought on Nov. 23, 1877, at Sadler's Wells Theatre, London, for £100, Marquis of Queensbury rules. Allen won in 5 rounds lasting 15m. On April 8, 1878, Allen fought Chas. Davis, who at the time was considered the champion of England, at the skating rink, Cambridge, for £100 and a champion cup. Allen won in three rounds lasting 16m. Allen defeated Jim Stewart, the Scotch giant, March 10, 1879, at St. James Hall, London, Eng., Marquis of Queensbury rules, for £200. The fight lasted 22 rounds fought in 1h. 22m.

Allen recently returned to America, as the readers of the POLICE GAZETTE are aware, and on his arrival at Patsy Sheppard's Aboey sporting house at Boston, Mass., Oct. 27, 1882, Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, being assured that he was just as clever and possessed the same stamina as when he left America, offered to match him to fight John L. Sullivan for \$5,000 and the championship of America. Allen was tendered an exhibition and appeared with Geo. Rooke, the middle-weight champion, but he made such a poor display that Mr. Fox withdrew the \$1,000 he had posted with Harry Hill and paid Allen's expenses to St. Louis and wished him success. Allen is now located at St. Louis, where prior to his battle with Joe Goss he was considered the king of pugilists. He intends to train for a month or two and then challenge Mike Cleary, George Rooke or Joe Coburn to fight for \$1,000 a side.

Jem Mace was tendered an exhibition at San Francisco, Cal., on Monday night, Jan. 8. The announcement that he would appear in a glove exhibition with Herbert A. Slade, the New Zealand giant whom Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, is to match to fight John L. Sullivan for the championship of the world, attracted a tremendous crowd and sporting men came from all parts of the Pacific coast to see Mace but more especially to size up the half-breed Maori, who is said to be a wonder. Billy Jordan, the champion M. C. of the Pacific coast, was the master of ceremonies and the exhibition was under the general management of Patsy Hogan, the noted sporting man and retired pugilist. Prior to the set-to between Mace and Slade there were several fine boxing bouts between Maynard brothers, Ben Homan and Higgins, Frayne and Palmer, Riley and O'Brien, Harry Maynard and J. Coffey, H. Zertzy and Manning, Langley and Conners and McCormick and Pete Lawler. Jack

Adams and Soule wrestled collar-and-elbow and then the champion Mace and his New Zealand giant appeared. Mace was received with tremendous cheering and for ten minutes the shouting was continued. Slade was then introduced and again the excited crowd yelled. Billy Jordan introduced Mace as the champion boxer of the world and the great pugilist explained his presence by the statement that he had been sent for by Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE of New York, to meet Sullivan. Tremendous cheering greeted this speech.

He was going to New York, he continued, and would make a match to box either Sullivan or Joe Coburn. Patsy Hogan then introduced Slade and the tall, well formed and muscular giant stepped to the centre of the stage and bowed. Critical eyes were cast upon the sturdy half-breed and his splendid physical development was unreservedly praised. Patsy Hogan announced that Slade was ready to fight any man in the world, that Richard K. Fox, the greatest sporting man America had ever seen, had instructed Jem Mace to bring him from New Zealand, and that he would represent the POLICE GAZETTE as the next pugilist to fight Sullivan for the championship. Loud cheering followed and Patsy Hogan was then neatly "countered" with a surprise in the form of a valuable medal presented as a testimonial of esteem from the sporting men of the Pacific coast. Jem Mace and Slade then made ready for the great event of the evening. Both were attired in ring costume. Mace stripped in capital form and weighed about 200 lbs. Slade weighed 222 lbs. and there was a marked difference in the size of the retired champion and the Australian as they faced each other. As the great pugilist struck a boxing attitude the wild excitement prevailed among the crowd. The first round was a capital display of science. Slade proved he was a clever two-handed fighter and that he hit straight from the shoulder with terrific force. Mace, as he stood like another Anak before his adversary, wary and watchful, looked the splendid athlete that he is. His feet were spread wide apart and his world renowned bunches of fives that have been used dozens of times in great fights encounters were held artistically. The sparring, dodging and feinting were capital and the rapid hitting and countering set the audience in ecstasies. The general opinion after the first round ended was that Slade was nearly as clever as Mace. Three exciting rounds followed and Mace, employing all his former tricks, landed heavily now and again on Slade's frontpiece, but the New Zealander was seldom caught napping and returned Jem's blows with interest. In the last round Mace forced the fighting and it was ding dong for several seconds, Slade proving that he was even a better boxer than was expected. The exhibition was a grand success and everyone left with the impression that Richard K. Fox has at last succeeded in securing a champion who can defeat Sullivan. Mace proved that he could box just as well as ever and that he had not lost his cunning. There is no question that if he could stand training he would still be able to hold the title of champion pugilist of the world. Mace and Slade left on the 11th inst. for New York. Mace has received a despatch from his backer, Richard K. Fox, notifying him that he (Mr. Fox) will meet him at Chicago.

Paddy Ryan was recently in Kansas City with a company and while there was interviewed. He remarked that he was not satisfied with the result of his meeting with John L. Sullivan and proposed to give him another trial. He said that he was keeping himself in excellent trim, had stopped drinking and that the next time he met Sullivan there would be a different tale to be recited. He claims that if when he was sick and crippled he could hold Sullivan for nine rounds that well he would be able to down him. He declares that he will yet challenge the champion.

The way sporting news is cooked up is instanced very broadly by a fanciful piece of news doctored up by a Cleveland, Ohio, writer and started on its newspaper rounds by a remorseless, imaginative Bohemian. He starts off by locating the glove fight between Sullivan and Donaldson at Cleveland, Ohio, and coolly draws on his inventive faculties with the following result:

Apocryphos of this Cleveland fight with Donaldson, I have just heard the story of old Johnnie Moran of Cincinnati, that has never been published and which illustrates this savageness of Sullivan's, of which I have been speaking. In this fight Sullivan warning up to the work struck the professor a terrible blow on the jaw. The man tottered and fell forward on his face. Sullivan looked absolutely fiendish. He seemed to glory in his strength. Donaldson was helped to his corner. When time was called he tottered to his feet and feebly walked forward.

"I saw the very devil in Sullivan's eye," says old Moran, telling the story. "He gathered himself like a tiger. I was near him. 'Don't ye strike that man, Jack,' I cried. 'Don't strike him; if you do I'll put a bullet through you, so help me God!'"

And he would too, for old Johnnie is wicked also Sullivan heard him. He weakened and instead of striking Donaldson he grasped his hand and shook it and the fight was over.

"I was afraid he'd kill Donaldson," said Moran, "and then we'd all been in for murder. I wanted to do my own killing if I was to be responsible for any."

It is a very pretty story and needs but the impress of truth to make it interesting. The fight between Sullivan and Donaldson took place in Cincinnati and not in Cleveland and Johnnie Moran did not threaten to shoot Sullivan at all. With these trifling exceptions the story is O. K.

Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, has received the following letter from Jack Stewart, champion of Canada, which will be read with interest:

LONDON, CANADA, Jan. 4, 1883.

DEAR SIR: Seeing in your paper that you desire to get a man to fight John L. Sullivan and understanding that Jem Mace is bringing over a man whom you intend to back against Sullivan, Mr. Kelly of St. Louis proposed a good plan, that is, to get a good, strong man that is good with his fists and has fought a battle or two and pit him against Sullivan. I have travelled with Joe Goss for over a year, sparred with him in all the principal cities in the States, sparred George Rooke in New York when I was scarcely able to stand on my feet through sickness, when he could not best me, as your sporting editor can testify, sparred John L. Sullivan at Joe Goss' benefit in Boston, he neither knocking me out or knocking me down in the set-tos, and I got the credit for having the best of the hitting. Now I will fight any man, bar Sullivan, with small gloves for a purse, say \$400 to the winner and \$100 to the loser, the winner to fight Sullivan. This would be a good way to test Jem Mace's unknown—put him and myself together in the glove fight and let the best man fight the champion.

JACK STEWART, Champion of Canada.

CORRESPONDENCE.

POSTMASTERS, TAKE NOTICE.

Postmasters or others residing in the State of Texas and elsewhere throughout the United States, will find it financially to their interest to raise clubs in their respective localities for the POLICE GAZETTE. A liberal discount will be paid to all postmasters for each subscription forwarded to us. And for each club of ten, a free copy in addition to the commission will be sent. Sample copies for distribution sent on application.

RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor,
Franklin Square and Dover St., New York.

M. H., St. Louis, Mo.—No.

P. H., Shell Lake, Wis.—B wins.

J. E., Peoria, Ill.—Have written you.

J. G., Cleveland, O.—1. 37 years of age. 2. Tom King.

J. E. G., Erie, Pa.—We cannot comply with your request.

H. H., Penryn, Cal.—No, they never fought as opponents.

O. S., Cascade, Oregon.—We should judge John L. Sullivan.

W. H. S., Butte City, Mon.—Thanks for items. Send your address.

READER, Bridgeport, Conn.—Send for the trotting register of 1883.

E. D., Philadelphia, Pa.—1. 5 feet 5½ in., weighs 300 lbs. 2. No.

H. M. A., Taylorsville, Ill.—Jem Mace is acknowledged to be.

S. H., Bayonne, N. J.—Write to Billy Edwards, cor. 30th street and Sixth avenue, New York.

M. S., St. Paul, Minn.—The date of the Boston massacre, is March 5, 1770.

D. W., Albany, N. Y.—The first Continental Congress met at Philadelphia, Sept. 5, 1774.

M. W., New Haven, Conn.—John Howard never jumped 29 feet 7 in. on level ground and B wins.

S. H., Morristown, N. J.—Joe Coburn was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment, March 3, 1877. 2. No.

W. S., Portage Falls, N. Y.—1. Hallet's Point Reef was exploded by Gen. Newton, on Sept. 24, 1876. 2. No.

W. A. S., Alma, Colo.—We have not Clarence Whistler's address. A letter directed to this office will reach him.

F. J. C., Lakeport, Mich.—There is no champion belt representing the heavy-weight pugilistic championship of America.

W. H. P., Write to John L. Sullivan, he can only give the information. A letter in care of this office will find him.

J. C. U., Tuckahoe, N. Y.—Send for the "American Athlete," published by the POLICE GAZETTE Publishing House.

G. W. N., Loomis, Mich.—1. John C. Heenan weighed 192 lbs. the day he fought Tom King. 2. The weight of King was 192 lbs.

G. H., Worcester, Mass.—Billy Edwards and Sam Collier fought three times as opponents. 2. Edwards won the stakes in each event.

R. S., Lockport, N. Y.—The last game between Chicago and Providence was played at Fort Wayne, Ind., Oct. 24, 1882. Chicago won, score 10 to 7.

M. W., Joliet, Ill.—The only man that ever ran 100 yards in 9¼ sec is George Seward, who made it at Hammersmith, London, Eng., Sept. 30, 1884.

MODESTO, Cal.—1. Yes. By procuring a teacher or studying a work on boxing. 2. Coburn was sent to prison charged with shooting at a policeman. 3. No.

D. M., Chicago, Ill.—The Metropolitan Base Ball Club for 1883, are Keefe, Holbert, Lynch, Reipschlag, Esterbrooke, Brady, Nelson and E. Kennedy and Roseman.

JOHN COURTNEY, New York.—Sam Hurst alias "Staleybridge Infant," ex-champion of England, died at Mayfield, Manchester, England, May 22, 1882, of bronchitis.

SCIPPIO, Portland, Me.—Scott, Russell & Co., of Millwall, England, were the builders of the Great Eastern. 2. In 1857 and 1858 the steamer was built and called the Leviathan.

S. H. W., Olean, N. Y.—Wm. B. Curtis, of New York, with harness, has lifted 3,300 lbs., Ambrose Butts, of Auburn, N. Y., 2,737½, and John J. Lucas, of Belleville, Ill., 2,700 lbs.

D. W. S., Rochester, N. Y.—Ward, O'Neill, Welch, Ewing, Clapp, M. Dorgan, Reilly, Troy, Hankinson, Caskins, Gillespie and Conner are the New York base ball nine for 1883.

J. W. E., Bonaparte, Iowa.—1. Yes. 2. No. 3. The bicycle race between W. J. Morgan and John S. Prince fell through. 4. Prince can beat any man in America and probably in the world.

J. A. C., New York.—Heenan's colors were a silk handkerchief with red, white and blue border with stars and an American eagle in the centre, with the motto, may the best man win.

STEWART, East Syracuse, N. Y.—1. Hutchins is credited with being the fast 100 yard runner in the world. 2. If you can run in 9½ seconds you need not be afraid of either Kittelman or Smith.

F. W. BARTON, Raynham Station.—M. Vignaux, in his match with G. F. Slosson, 4,000 points up three-ball caroms, made a run of 1,531, and his opponent made 1,103 at Paris, France, April 10-14, 1880.

M. H., Austin, Texas.—Richard K. Fox did hold the stakes in the recent wrestling match between Joe Acton and Clarence Whistler, and the match was boni fide, notwithstanding the reports to the contrary.

C. S., Columbia County.—1. How are we to know whether Jem Mace can whip John L. Sullivan? It takes a contest in the arena to decide that question. 2. The records of the pugilists are the best to decide.

CHARLES FORBES, Kansas City.—See answer to F. W. Barton, for largest run in a three-ball carom game. In a four-ball carom game the largest run made was by John McDermitt, New York City, January 8, 1865: viz: 1,383 points.

M. C., Albany, N. Y.—If you bet that George W. Hamilton made the best standing jump on record you win. Ned Searles at one time had the best record,

13 feet 5½ inches, but on October 3, 1879, Hamilton jumped 14 feet 5½ inches.

WALLY, New Bedford, Mass.—1. John Morrissey and Yankee (Jim) Sullivan, fought at Boston Four Corners, Mass., on October 13, 1853. 2. Sullivan was matched to fight Joe Winrow in California in 1855, but the fight was never decided.

J. M., Leavenworth, Kan.—1. No. 2. Thomas Davis, of Colorado, is 23 years of age, stands 5 feet 3 inches in height, and his fighting weight is 112 lbs. 3. Henry Keith, of Butte City, Montana, is 29 years of age, stands 5 feet and fights at 125 lbs.

H. M., Indianapolis, Ind.—1. Mike Donovan and Prof. Wm. C. McClellan never fought with bare knuckles as opponents. 2. Hard gloves. 3. Donovan fought Billy Crowley, Mike Conroy, Pat Kelly, John Boyne and Jim Murray with bare knuckles.

S. J. L., Erie Springs, Cherokee Nation, Ind. Ter.—1. Charley McDonald did not train Paddy Ryan to fight John L. Sullivan. 2. McDonald hails from Canada but never fought for the championship, but he is a boxer and was defeated by Steve Taylor. 3. Yes.

READER, Chicago, Ill.—Ed. Seward, the pugilist, who won the POLICE GAZETTE medal for champion heavy-weight boxers of Illinois, did fight Dan Fogarty and B. Jones. Seward and Fogarty fought at Black River, July 9, 1887. Fogarty won in eleven rounds, fought in 34 minutes.

W. G., Logansport.—1. The full size of pool balls varies with different dealers. Regular pool balls average 2½ inches, and the end pockets should be 5 inches and the centre 5½ inches. 3. The standard size for pool tournaments is 4½ for corners and 4¼ for centre and 2-16, size of balls.

S. B., Baltimore, Md.—John H. Clark and Arthur Chambers fought for \$2,000 and the light-weight championship of America, near Chippewa Falls, Canada, March 27, 1879. 2. One hundred and thirty-six rounds were fought in 2 hours and 20 minutes, when Chambers was declared the winner.

S. M., Baltimore, Md.—Hanlan and Riley rowed a dead heat at Barrie, Ont., Aug. 18, 1879. Hanlan claimed he won but refused to row the race over. Riley rowed over the course alone and received first money. 2. In 1880 Hanlan defeated Riley easily on the Potomac River, at Washington, D. C.

M. W., Watertown, N. Y.—1. No. 2. We are of the same opinion. 3. Judges of a horse race or trotting contest have the power to declare bets off, because turf and the betting rules governing gives them full power to do so. 4. In our opinion a referee should have no power to declare bets off in billiard, base ball or any matches, unless in turf matters.

M. HERBERT, Hermosillo, Mexico.—At the time Grant was appointed to the supreme command of the armies, in 1864, leaving Nashville, (where he was replaced by W. T. Sherman) for Washington, where he put himself at the head of the Army of the Potomac, he had created for him the title and rank of General, meaning Commander-in-Chief. Sherman was a Major-General, and so remained until Grant's election to the presidency, when he succeeded to the command of the army and took Grant's office and title. Sherman is shortly to retire to give Sheridan a chance to fill the same honorable post.

SERGEANT J. H. LUCY, Fort Apache, Arizona.—The fact of the advertisement of such bonds is the best proof that they are going begging on the market. There are plenty of shrewd capitalists and speculators in Wall street who would snap up a good thing in stamper, and when they let anything pass to be offered as a temptation to soldiers and school teachers and tradesmen to risk their little savings, there is something suspicious in it. Our advice is, don't bite at the bait—there is a hook under it dead sure.

J. J. H., Chicago, Ill.—A wagers that a man cannot become president of the United States unless he is born in the United States or on its waters. B claims that a man can legally become president although not born in the United States, and verifies his assertion by instancing the case of a son born to American man and wife while they are travelling in Europe. Decide a bet by stating which is correct. B wins; the son of an American, born abroad, is invested with all rights of his father, including eligibility to the presidential chair.

M. W., Robertsdale, Ill.—J. R. Keene's racing stable which is to engage in the English turf events during 1883 will be trained by Day, the noted trainer. 2. Keene's stable in England comprises Don Fulano, 5, by King Alfonso; Bookmaker, 5, by Bonnie Scotland; Romeo, 4, by Glenelg; Golden Gate, 4, by King Alfonso; Blue Grass, 3, by Pat Malloy; Potosi, 3, by King Alfonso; colt, 2, by Monarchist—Return; Foxhall, 5, by King Alfonso; colt, 2, by Virgil—Boniform; filly, 2, by King Alfonso—Jamaica. Bolero, 3, by Bonnie Scotland; colt, 2, by King Alfonso—Hester; Crown Point by Virgil.

J. W. H., Roanoke, Va.—The Astley belt is now the personal property of Chas. Rowell. It was necessary to win it three times in succession before it became the property of anyone. Won by Dan O'Leary, London, Eng., March 18-23, 1878, score 520m. 440yds; won by Dan O'Leary, N. Y. city, Sept. 30 to Oct. 5, 1878, score 403m; won by Chas. Rowell, N. Y. city, March 10 to 15, 1879, score 500m. 180yds; won by E. P. Weston, London, Eng., June 16 to 21, 1879, score 530m. 110 yds; won by Chas. Rowell, N. Y. city, Sept. 22 to 27, 1878, score 524m. 77yds; won by Chas. Rowell, London, Eng., Nov. 1 to 6, 1880, score 566m. 63yds; won by Chas. Rowell, London, Eng., Jan. 20 to 25, 1881. Charles Rowell and E. P. Weston were the only contestants. Weston gave up the race at 193m, and Rowell stopped after covering 280m, in 2 days 15h. 17m. The belt thus became Rowell's personal property.

M. W., Indianapolis, Ind.—1. It is a hard matter to decide, as last railroad time records are very unauthentic. The Boston and Albany railroad has the fastest train running in this country so far. It usually consists of six cars, the distance is 234 miles and recently the run was made in 5h. and 30m. On the New Haven division the fastest runs were 1.90 miles in 2 minutes, equal to 57 miles per hour, 1.73 miles in 1 minute 55 seconds, equal to 54½ miles per hour, 3 miles in 15 seconds, equal to 53 miles per hour. Owing to the Connecticut law requiring a stop at every draw bridge the time for the 73½ miles between New York and New Haven, including six stops, was 1h. 53½m., or only 35½ miles per hour. The 62 miles between New Haven and Hartford were made in 1h. 30½m., including two stops, or 41½ miles per hour; average speed while running 43½ miles per hour. On the Boston and Albany 86 miles, Springfield to junction of Brookline branch, Boston, were run in 2h. 20½m., including three stops, or 41 miles per hour, running speed 43½ miles per hour, including stops.

Wallace Ross, the Famous Oarsman

Wallace Ross was born in Dorchester, New Brunswick, on February 20, 1857, stands six feet in his shoes and weighs 175 pounds in condition. In June, 1872, he defeated John Harding in gigs in St. John harbor, and during the same year defeated Nicholson over the same course. In August, 1873, rowed second to Alec Brayley for the Governor's medal; in 1875 he beat John McLeod in a match race in the harbor, and in the same year defeated Charles Young and Patrick McGuigan in a three-mile race on the

**MISS MARY A. A. LIVINGSTON,**

THE YOUNG HEIRESS WHO WAS AWARDED \$75,000 FOR BREACH OF PROMISE IN A SUIT AGAINST A YOUNG BROOKLYN MILLIONAIRE.

same course. During the same year he suffered defeat at the hands of A. Brayley, at Westfield, coming in second in a field of ten. On May 24, 1876, he defeated Alec Brayley and others in the harbor. On the 15th of June following he rowed a match race with Alec Brayley for five hundred dollars, on the Kennebecasis, and won easily. Brayley was not satisfied with this result and again challenged Ross to row him a four-mile turning race over the same course. They rowed on Oct. 19 and Ross won easily, making the best four-mile record—28:30. On June 5, 1877, Ross defeated Plaisted in a four-mile straightaway race on the Kennebecasis; time, 27:07½. On July 25 following Ross defeated Warren Smith over the same course for one thousand dollars a side; distance three miles. On October 15, 1877, Ross was defeated by Ed. Hanlan in a five-mile race for one thousand dollars a side. Ross believing that he was not properly boated, having had his best boat smashed the day before the race, issued

another challenge to Hanlan. On July 31, 1878, the two rivals met again on the Kennebecasis. The course was five miles with a turn and the stakes were a thousand dollars a side. For over a mile it was one of the finest races ever witnessed. At a mile Ross was leading, but shortly after upset. This accident was caused by the spring on the rowlock working out. On Dec. 4 Ross beat Trickett easily for \$1,000 a side. Ross trained Hanlan for his race with Laycock and returned to America with Hanlan in March.

**THE BUNKO MEN AND THE PUG.**

A LIGHT-WEIGHT CHAMPION FROM COLORADO FALLS INTO THEIR CLUTCHES IN NEW YORK AND THEY GET BADLY LEFT.

Andrew McDowell.

This gentleman has been training and driving horses for fifteen years. The first he had of any note was Henson, to whom he gave a record of 2:28 and never lost a race with him. He drove Ashland Pet in 2:30 and Tempest in 2:33. John Barney and Bruiser were also in his hands but got no record below 2:30. He campaigned the latter through Michigan. He was very successful with Mambrino Warner, losing but two races. He gave Lady Moscow 2:30 and always captured a big share of the purse. He

then took Tom Walton, Kate Hall and Palma. He gave up the first two and took in the western circuit with the latter. This was a great horse; he trotted sixty-nine heats and made but one break. Through Illinois he won every heat with ease. Mr. McDowell resides at Dallas, is a very skillful mechanic in a race and always brings his horses to the post in fit condition.

Bunko Men Badly Left.

The bunko men of New York are very smart and have accomplished swindles that would be

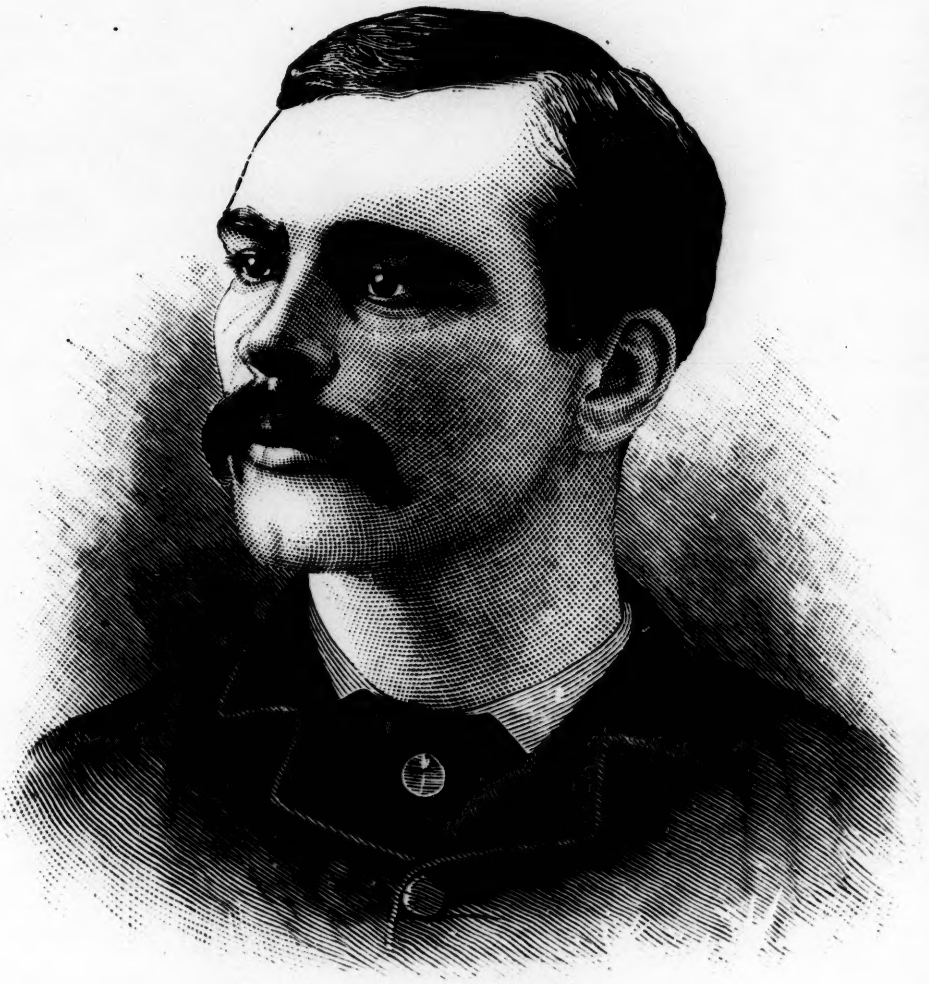
**HENRY FLEMING,**

DEFENDANT IN THE LATE PIQUANT AND SCANDALOUS TRIAL FOR BREACH OF PROMISE IN A BROOKLYN COURT.

considered well nigh impossible—notably that of Oscar Wilde—but lately they have been making some disastrous mistakes. They never got so badly left, though, as they did the other day when they lured into their den a slick, open-eyed and apparently innocent young man from Colorado, who proved to be one of the champion light-weight fighters of that frisky state, who was in New York on a little lark. He was on his way to the POLICE GAZETTE office with the view of paying his respects and inspecting the magnificent new building, when he was accosted by a glib stranger who asked him if he wasn't Judge Jones' son of Ohio. He acknowledged he was and suffered himself to be led through the usual phases of the lottery racket. When the crooks had worked up their scheme to a head our friend Charlie cut loose and cleaned out the place. The bunko men, or at least two of them, have gone to the hospital and will not tackle meek countrymen from the far west any more.

**ANDREW McDOWELL,**

EXPERT TRAINER AND DRIVER OF RACE HORSES, OF DALLAS, TEXAS.

**WALLACE ROSS,**

THE GREAT OARSMAN OF FAME IN ENGLISH AND AMERICAN WATERS.

POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FAMOUS SPORTING MEN.

A Modern Hawkshaw.

The modern Hawkshaw is not in all respects and every time quite up to his model, the hero of romance. On the contrary the detective of late years has come to be regarded as something of a duillard in nosing crime owing to his proneness to strike off on cross scents that lead to "duets." The way one of the most modest of Inspector Byrnes' men worked up a case of long standing, in the interest of the London authorities, is quite up to the best sensations that the romancers have imagined. The adroit criminal

who had escaped detection with a big share of the money obtained by the post office robbery, was known to be in America but there was no way of identifying him except through certain scars on his shoulder and back. The New York detective detailed to work up the case learned that several suspicious parties frequented the Turkish baths up town on the west side. He accordingly engaged himself as an attendant and for two weeks worked faithfully rubbing down all comers, until at last he struck his game—the man with the wounds on the shoulder and the back. The identification was complete



THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.

HELEN BANCROFT.

[Photo. by Mora.]

and the half-naked criminal, being taken at a disadvantage in that his weapons had been left in his pockets when he disrobed for the bath, was easily captured, although he made a struggle for it.

Helen Bancroft.

Miss Bancroft is one of the latest additions to the stage made by the metropolis. She made her debut at Daly's Theatre last season and, like Mr. Reilly in the ballad, has done well—so well that there is every likelihood of her blooming into a star before the end of the season. If

she does she will present to our play-goers a pretty, graceful and intelligent young actress. Whether her merit is sufficient to sustain her in her ambitious position remains to be seen.

A YOUNG man named Rex, of New Philadelphia, Ohio, was keeping company with a girl named Miss Shearer. He brought her home from a party late on the night of Dec. 29 and insisted that he should go to her room with her. She declined the proposition and when he insisted and tried to force his way in she got a revolver and shot him, inflicting mortal wounds.



THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.

HARRY LEE.

[Photo. by, Marc Gambler.]



TABLEAU IN A TURKISH BATH

A NEW YORK DETECTIVE, DISGUISED AS AN ATTENDANT, IDENTIFIES A CRIMINAL BY BIRTH MARKS AND CAPTURES HIM.

SPORTING NEWS.

IMPORTANT TO READERS.

Be sure to ask your News Dealer for the

POLICE GAZETTE OF NEW YORK.

There is only one POLICE GAZETTE, and it is published by RICHARD K. FOX, at the new POLICE GAZETTE Publishing House, Franklin Square and Dover street. Our numbers are steadily increasing success.

HAS INSPIRED IMITATION

on the part of numerous feeble and unscrupulous publishing houses, and the public will do well to see that they are not imposed on by any of these parasites who hope to live upon our reputation.

RICHARD K. FOX,
Proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE.

PROF. ALF. AUSTIN has returned from England and is now teaching boxing at Wood's gymnasium.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN's Boston friends have presented him with a heavy hunting-case gold watch.

R. A. PENNELL, formerly of New York, lately put up a 24 pound dumb-bell ten times in rapid succession.

JAY EYE SEE, the great four year old trotter, is fifteen hands five eighths of an inch high, without shoes.

AT Chicago, Ill., Miss Louise Armatondo won the 20 mile race against T. W. Eck in 1h. 39m. and 14 1/2 seconds.

GUS HILL, the POLICE GAZETTE champion club swinger, is meeting with great success. He appeared recently at Joliet, Ill.

THE New York Athletic Club will hold the annual amateur championship boxing and wrestling meeting at Tammany Hall, February 24 next.

OWEN MCCARTY and Benjamin Jones of Philadelphia, have signed articles of agreement to wrestle Lancashire fashion for \$250 a side on January 22, 1883.

WM. BARRETT, the famous jockey, who rode Parole in England for Lordrail and also rode many other famous horses, died on Jan. 6 of consumption, at Long Branch.

COMMODORE KITSON has dismissed "Knapsack" McCarthy, his trainer, on the ground that he overworked his trotters. John Splan has been engaged in McCarthy's place.

IN the bicycle race at Chicago, Ill., W. R. Crawford beat the best American professional amateur record for five miles by 3 seconds, making the distance in 16m. 7 1/2 s.

IF Sullivan of Bay City, Mich., desires to match himself to jump one single jump for \$500 Daniel Dunn of Roscommon, Mich., states that he will match an unknown against him.

PAT DALE, of New Orleans, La., who figured in many pedestrian races against Downey and O'Leary, has challenged John Hughes to walk six days, the race to take place at New Orleans, La.

It is understood that the Brooklyn Base Ball Club intend to have new grounds at Fifth avenue, between Third and Fourth avenues, Brooklyn. The grounds will be laid out like the Polo Grounds in New York.

WITH an excess of even its usual liberality the POLICE GAZETTE, No. 285, ready Feb. 27, will be accompanied by a free gift pictorial supplement, suitable for framing, illustrating points in the career of Tom Sayers.

A COLLEGE base ball convention will be held in March in order to organize an inter-collegiate association. Representatives will be present from Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Dartmouth, Amherst and Brown.

JAMES GORMLEY, the base ball player, writes that he has not signed the contract to play with the Western base ball club. He claims that he was to have signed as first baseman and change pitcher but did not do so.

THE great canine dispute between Billy of St. Louis and Jerry of Detroit, at Kansas City, was won by Billy. The stakes were \$500 and five times that amount changed hands. The battle lasted 1 hour 35 minutes.

STEVE TAYLOR, the popular heavy-weight boxer, of New Jersey, desires us to thank Ed McGlinchey, William Costello and Sam Merritt for courtesies extended to him during his sojourn at Bridgeport, Conn.

MANAGER ENGLEMAN, who has charge of the New Orleans special horse matinee, has eighty horses already entered and it is expected that fully one hundred will be placed on the lists by the 20th of Jan., when the meeting opens.

GEO. ROOKE, the pugilist, offers to fight Tom Allen of St. Louis, three months from signing articles according to the rules of the London prize ring, for \$1,000 a side. Man and money ready at 602 Third avenue, Rooke's new sporting house.

WILLIAM McLAFFERTY will fight a main of cocks with any man in Ohio, the conditions to be: Each party to show fifteen cocks, \$30 on each, and \$500 on the odd fight. The birds to weigh between four pounds ten ounces and six pounds four ounces.

RICHARD K. FOX has presented Joe Coburn with a unique and valuable watch guard charm. It bears the inscription: "To Joe Coburn, champion pugilist of the world, from Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, New Year's, 1883."—New York Daily News.

LETTERS are lying at this office for the following: Martin Neary, John Leary, Jem Mace, John H. Clark, Albert M. Frey, Dick Garvin, R. Toner, Tompkins Gilbert, Mr. Jacoby, John W. Love, Paddy Golden, Frank Rose, Billy Madden, Miss Lizzie Sprague, Ed Lear.

RICHARD TONER, the champion rat catcher, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Jan. 2, and stated that he was ready to match Blanche to fight any 22 lb. dog in America, or he will match his canine to kill 100 rats against any dog in the country. Man and money ready at the POLICE GAZETTE office.

A CLUB-SWINGING match has been arranged between Prof. Hoefler's pupil, and a pupil of James D.

Shields, for a \$150 gold medal. The competition is to take place on January 30th and 31st, in Volk's Garden, on the same nights that the Græco-Roman wrestling tournament for the POLICE GAZETTE medal comes off.

G. R. STARKE, Hon. Secretary of the winter carnival at Montreal, Canada, sends the POLICE GAZETTE a circular containing a programme of the winter carnival to be held in that city, from Tuesday 23d to Saturday 27th, January. Among the attractions may be mentioned, snow shoe steeple-chasing, trotting and other races on the ice, and an excursion across the St. Lawrence on the ice railway, and many other novel attractions.

COL. KEENAN's noted sporting house, "Old Fountain," Little Catherine street, London, Eng., is the resort of all American sporting men. Keenan is a special correspondent of the POLICE GAZETTE, and keeps all the POLICE GAZETTE sporting books, viz., "The Life of Jem Mace," "Champions of the American Prize Ring," "John Morrissey," "John C. Heenan," "John L. Sullivan," "History of the American Prize Ring," etc., on hand.

AT Pittsburgh, on New Year's day, D. M. Martin won the first prize in the annual pigeon shooting tournament of the Allegheny Sportsmen's Association. Seventeen marksmen shot at 15 birds each, 20yds. rise, 80yds. boundary, from five plunge traps. Martin killed all his birds and won the champion cup which he must win three times to make it his own property.

PETER MCCOY, of the Sullivan combination, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Jan. 8 and authorized us to state that he is prepared to fight any 140 pound pugilist in America according to the new rules of the London prize ring or with hard gloves four weeks or two months from signing articles, for \$500 a side.

THE long-talked of canine dispute between Bounce, a white bull terrier, and Billy, a spotted bull terrier, came to a climax on January 2d, at Wyandott, Kan. The match was for \$250 a side. The fight was one of the most desperate on record, and lasted 1 hour and 28 min., resulting in a victory for Billy. About \$5,000 changed hands.

BILLY MADDEN has written to Richard K. Fox from Paris. He says that there is no pugilist in England that he has seen that would be a match for Sullivan. Madden says Mr. Fox brought boxing and pugilism up to a higher standard than it ever was before in America, and he has done the same thing in England—and he has not done yet. Madden says the POLICE GAZETTE sells like hot cakes in Paris.

WE have received the following defiant epistolary growl:

BUFFALO, N. Y., Jan. 6, 1883.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE.

I am prepared to match my dog Morrissey to fight at 27lbs, give or take one pound, against any dog in America or Canada, Pilot preferred, for \$500 a side. Will allow \$50 for expenses to come to Buffalo.

BEN SABINS, 15 Clinton St.

JIM REILLY, the well-known boxer of Philadelphia, writes that the statement published in the Philadelphia Press, that he refused to box Pat Scullion, the Trenton, N. J., pugilist, is not true. Reilly says: For some time past I have been eager to box Scullion, and would have boxed with him at the show in Trenton, but I set to twice. Now, if Scullion thinks he can fight me, let him send a forfeit to the POLICE GAZETTE and I will either fight or box him.

JOHN CONDLÉ OREM, better known as Con Orem, publishes the following challenge in the Butte City, Montana, Miner: "I have been informed that Jack Waite wishes to meet me in a 24 foot ring with hard gloves. I will accommodate him. I will fight him for from \$100 to \$1,000 and all the gate money, the fight to take place this month, for I have other business to attend to next month. To show I mean business I forward \$50 for Waite to cover and request him to notify me when to meet him and settle the preliminaries."

A FIVE mile foot race for \$500 a side was run at the fair grounds, Canton, O., Saturday afternoon, Jan. 6, between Wm. Steel of Morris Run, Pa., and John Younkman of Youngstown Hill, Ohio. The race was all one sided, Steel winning very easily by three hundred yards in 31m. 30s. The track was very heavy. Not much money exchanged hands, as odds of 100 to 25 on Steel found no takers. After the race Steel was challenged to run a half mile for \$1,000 a side by Thos. Johnston of Pittsburg, Pa., but would not accept.

THE great wrestling tournament for the POLICE GAZETTE medal representing the amateur Græco-Roman championship of America, offered by Richard K. Fox, will take place on Thursday and Friday evenings, Jan. 31 and 3d, at Volk's Theatre, 201 Bowery, N. Y., under the management of Wm. E. Harding. Any bona fide amateur wrestler in the United States will be allowed to compete for the trophy. Among entries so far received are Young Bibby of New York, Harry M. Herbert of New York, George M. Wallis of Baltimore, Md., and J. Brinkerhoff of Boston. The affair is creating a furore among the numerous wrestlers.

A PRIZE fight took place near Charing Cross, London, on December 21st. The principals were R. Steadman and S. Brock. A snug spot having been chosen, the ring was pitched in orthodox style in the presence of a very select company. On commencing hostilities Brock was installed favorite, and in the first round took a decided lead. This advantage, however, he was unable to maintain, as in the second round, Steadman got well on to the body and equalized matters, and from this point took a decided lead up to the 16th round, when Brock had the misfortune to injure one of his hands severely, and his second, seeing he had no chance, gave in for him. The battle lasted exactly 37 minutes.

TAMMANY HALL was crowded on the night of Jan. 6 to witness the second billiard match between Sexton and Daly for \$1,000 a side and the championship. The game was 500 points up. Some time ago Sexton defeated Daly in a similar match and his friends felt confident that he could do so on this occasion. Daly however is a plucky player and he has been practicing for this match with great assiduity. While his friends were not over sanguine they had considerable confidence in their man and when odds were offered they were freely accepted. In many cases only even money could be obtained. The game was won by Daly; score, Daly 500, Sexton 468; Daly's average 4 40.15, Sexton's average 4 12.14; time of game 4h. and 30m.

Look out for No. 285 of the POLICE GAZETTE, ready Feb. 27. With it will be given away a superb pictorial supplement, for framing, illustrating the career of Tom Sayers.

LOOK out for the POLICE GAZETTE No. 285, ready Feb. 27. With that number you get, free, a superb supplement, for framing, equal in size to the whole paper, and treating in the best style of the engraver's art the heroic points of climax in the ring career of Tom Sayers.

FRANK STEVENSON, who is acting for a well-known sporting man, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Jan. 6, left \$100 forfeit with Richard K. Fox and the following challenge: "I am authorized to match an unknown to fight any man in the world, bar John L. Sullivan, according to the new rules of the London prize ring three months from signing articles for \$1,000 to \$2,500 a side. A reply through the POLICE GAZETTE will be attended to."

DR. TALBOT, the famous veterinary surgeon, who has been in attendance on Richard K. Fox's famous trotter "Police Gazette," now training under the able mentorship and supervision of Hiram Howe at Prospect Park, L. I., pronounces that "Police Gazette" is thoroughly sound and will beat her record, 2:22, during the coming season. Dr. Talbot has met with great success in doctoring racers, having had Rummymede, Jennie V., Babcock, Sir Hugh, and Mintzer.

THE following sporting men called at the new POLICE GAZETTE office during the week: George D. Noremac, Jim Patterson, Joe Coburn, ex-champion of America, James Pilkington, Funny Cooke, John Hughes, Uncle Bill Tovey, Gus Lambert, T. P. Delahanty, Young Bibby, Dr. L. C. Thomas, Mark Maguire, Harry Monroe, James D. Shields, Harry Martin, Steve Dubois, John McMahon, Jim Keenan (Boston), James Daugrey, T. J. Towsey, Frank Stevenson, Tommy Ray, Edwin Bibby, Dennis Mahoney, James Scullin, Michael Connolly, W. G. Kearney, George Seddons, Donald Dinne, John J. Russell, Thomas O'Rooke, Dick Toner, Frank Hart, Patrick Farrell, Charles McKean, Jim Smith, Ed Mallahan, Mike Donovan, Captain J. C. Daly, Pete McCoy, Wash Labrie, Harry Hill, Prof. P. McDermott, George Rooke, John McLaughlin, W. M. Woodside, Prof. F. S. Rollinson, Wm. F. McCoy, Hiram Howe, driver of "Police Gazette," W. C. Lorcherty, Tom McAlpine, J. W. Lane.

THE best records for all ages of the turf have not been badly molested in the season of 1882. The great trotting record of Maud S., 2:10 1/4, was not disturbed; neither were any of the other trotting records for all ages. The pacing record of Little Brown Jug, 2:11 1/4, remains unchanged, as does the rest of the pacing time. Twenty-four new pacers entered the 2:30 list, the most noted being Buffalo Girl, 2:12 1/4; Fuller, 2:14 1/4; Flora Belle, 2:15 1/4; Sailor Boy, 2:17 1/4; Joe Bowers, 2:18, and Linber Jack, 2:18. The running record of Ten Broeck of 2:49 1/2, 3 years, 90 pounds, at Monmouth Park, September 9, 1875, was lowered this season by Bend Or, 4 years, who carried 125 pounds and made the distance in 2:49. Glidella, the chestnut Bonnie Scotland mare, has reduced the 1 1/2 mile record of 3:01 1/4, made August 6, 1881, with 124 pounds; Glidella went the distance with 116 pounds in 3:01. The best of all was the lowering of the 3 mile record of Thora by Lida Stanhope. Thora went 3 miles last year with 99 pounds in 5:25 1/2, while Lida Stanhope carrying 102 pounds, made a record of 5:25. Eleven trotters joined the 2:20 class.

AT the POLICE GAZETTE office on January 11, a grand international bicycle race was arranged, which will take place at the American Institute, on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 26 and 27. The contest will be a great international twenty-six hour bicycle race for half the gate receipts and championship of the world. The trophy will be offered by Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE. The race will be under the management of Prof. Fred S. Rollinson, ex-champion. Entrance fee, \$5. Entries close at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Jan. 22. All the champion bicycle riders will compete. After the arrangements for the tournaments was made, a race was arranged between John S. Prince, of Boston, the champion of America, and W. M. Woodside, of Coleraine, Ireland, champion of Ireland. They signed articles to ride twenty-five miles for \$200 a side and the championship of the world. Richard K. Fox is final stakeholder and will appoint the referee. The race is to take place at the American Institute, on Friday evening, Jan. 28.

MOST of the prominent English jockeys are well to do, and some of them are considered rich. Fordham had saved a considerable amount of his earnings at the time that he stood at the head of the successful jockeys, but had to lay up for several years in consequence of a serious accident. Meanwhile, having to support a widowed mother, a good part of his savings were swept away. He is gradually accumulating, however, and will soon be among the landed proprietors of England. Tom Cannon and Fred Archer are both wealthy, and C. Wood is not far behind them. Tom Cannon has just sold the Lowther House training establishment, with paddock and grounds, to C. Wood, for \$25,000. The house and stable cover a large area of ground almost in the centre of the town, replete with every accommodation for man and beast. Fred Archer's new house and grounds adjoin the Earl of Zetland's new training establishment. Both are neat, compact structures, and occupy a corner of the town of Newmarket not hitherto built up.

HERE is a nut for Taylor, the New Hampshire wrestler, to crack:

JANUARY 14, 1883.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

SIR: In reply to Mr. Kelly's offer to let me pick a referee from all his well known Vermont wrestlers, I will answer him for the last time and it is just as I said to him before. Mr. Taylor is a paper wrestler. The night of the Whistler-Acton match Mr. Taylor was in Madison Square Garden on what I call a dead sneak. He thought no one would recognize him, but Donahue pointed him out to me and I asked him, almost begged of him to wrestle Donahue, as he, Donahue, was willing to wrestle him on the same stage where Whistler and Acton wrestled. Donahue wanted to wrestle him for fun or for as much money as Taylor could raise to satisfy the disappointed audience that was there that night. Taylor would not, so I have no more to say to either Mr. Taylor or Mr. Kelly. Let the sporting public judge for themselves.

JAMES PATTERSON, 209 7th Ave., N. Y. City.

ROBERT BOARDMAN, of New London, Ct., and Walter Smith of Niantic, met at Wilkinson's New Music Hall, New London, recently, to decide the pedestrian championship of New London county. The hall was well filled at 8 p. m., and at 8:31 the word "go" was given and both started off at a fair gait. Boardman slightly in the lead, but Smith took the front on the third lap of the first mile and was not headed again during the race. The track was twenty-

six laps to the mile and the first mile was made in 6m. 15s., the whole ten in 1h. 21m. 40s., and the fastest mile, by Smith, in 5m. 55s. The interest in the contest was over after the first quarter of an hour, when it was apparent to every one that the men were unequally matched, Smith being immeasurably superior to the local champion in every physical quality that goes to make an athlete, including a style and training which mark the professional and which the amateur seldom succeeds in acquiring. At the close of the race Smith issued a challenge to any person in New London to run a ten mile race for \$100.

THE following explains itself:

LOUISVILLE, KY., Jan. 10, 1883.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

SIR: I see by an interview published in the San Francisco Examiner, that Mr. Slade, who accompanies Mr. Mace, says he can defeat any man in the world at wrestling, jumping and sparring, best two in three. If Mr. Slade really means this he can be accommodated. I will make a match with him for \$250 or \$500 as he stipulates. 1st. Wrestling, side hold in harness. 2nd. Running high or long jump. 3. Sparring, the winner of two in three to win the stakes, the competitions to be governed by the athletic rules of the respective competitions. Mr. Slade says he defeated Mr. Wm. Miller in Australia. Miller, like Muldoon, at his best, was only a duffer, and the fact of Slade defeating him does not entitle him to the athletic championship. When Mr. Slade arrives in New York I will be prepared to meet him, and any communication to the POLICE GAZETTE will be attended to. Respectfully,

DUNCAN C. ROSS,

Clampon Athlete of America.

THE coming year will eclipse all other years in the history of base ball. The League is stronger than ever before. A plan is on foot to reconcile the bitterness existing between the League and the American Association, with reference to the employment of players. When asked how the clubs would stand at the close of next season, Mr. Bancroft declined to make his belief public, but said he had no hesitation in expressing the opinion that the championship lies between Chicago, Cleveland and Buffalo. He thinks the New York team is remarkably strong, while the Boston nine and the Providence nine, in his opinion, are weaker than last year. The salary list of the Cleveland Club the coming season, is \$20,000. Buffalo is the poorest paying city for a nine. The attendance at games in Cleveland is from 800 to 1,200. Chicago is the best ball town, the audience averaging from 1800 to 2,500. The largest crowd the Detroit played before last summer was at Providence, on Decoration day, there being 7,100 present. Mr. Bancroft suggests that a New England association might be organized on a profitable basis, each nine to play a series of championship games and occasionally meet the league teams.

FOR the eighth or ninth year in succession Fred Archer stands at the head of the list of winning English jockeys during the year, having won 210 races out of 564 mounts though he is run close by C. Wood, the first jockey of the Bedford Lodge stable, who has won 182 races out of 617. Archer won 220 races last year, 120 in 1880, when he was disabled during part of the season, 197 in 1879 and 229 in 1878, this being the largest score ever made by a jockey in one season. Archer however has not done so well as usual in the great races of the year, his only notable success being that in the St. Leger, which he won upon Dutch Oven, whereas Wood won the 1,000 guineas upon St. Marguerite, the Cesarewitch upon Carrie Ray and the Middlepark plate upon Macheath. Fordham, who was fourth last year with 62 winning mounts, has raised his score to 70 out of 305, but he, like Archer, has for the most part distinguished himself in second-class events. While Fordham has gained ground his contemporary, Tom Cannon, has lost, for instead of being third, as he was last season with 75 wins, he is now sixth with 58 but he like Wood has done well in the great events, having had the mount on Shotover for the 2,000 guineas and Derby, on Geheimnis for the Oaks and on Foxhall for the Ascot cup.

THE Olympic athletic club of San Francisco gave a boxing exhibition on Jan. 10. The chief attraction was a glove contest between Robinson, the heavy-weight boxer of the club, and Slade, the Maori Mace and Slade had been feted and well entertained by the members of the Olympic club during their sojourn on the Pacific coast and Mace asked Slade to spar light with Robinson. The result was Robinson had the better of the bout. The affair was magnified and Robinson was made a hero, it being claimed he had beaten the Maori. Tommy Chandler, a pugilist, whom Billy Edwards knocked around like a football with the gloves when the light-weight champion visited San Francisco, stated that Slade was no match for Sullivan. Chandler is one of the old school of fighters but great progress has been made in boxing since he fought Dooney Harris for \$5,000 on the Pacific slope and won, it is claimed, in a mysterious manner. He is prejudiced against scientific boxers ever since Billy Edwards gave him a lesson in the boxing art, so that his opinions of Slade's abilities as a pugilist amount to nothing. Chandler has never seen Sullivan box or fight and knows nothing about him except what he has read, so that it is impossible for him to decide a question which only a contest between them can decide. Since the contest between Robinson, the champion of the Olympic Club, of San Francisco, Cal., and Slade, sporting men throughout the country have been greatly surprised at the announcement sent by the associated press that Robinson "beated" Slade. Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, who intends to back Slade to fight John L. Sullivan for \$5,000 and the championship of the world, was also surprised and doubted the truth of the report and the fairness of its inferences. He could not understand how Slade could "make a stand off" with Mace, who is the most scientific pugilist in the world, on Jan. 8, 1883, and then two days after allow a third class boxer to out-fight him. Mr. Fox telegraphed Mace at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, about the matter. The following dispatch was received in reply:

To Richard K. Fox, Prop'r of the POLICE GAZETTE:

SIR: Slade set-to with the best man of the Olympic Club. I thought it was best to tell him to let up a little and he did as he was asked as a favor. Will wire when we leave here. There is no pugilist in the world who can "best" Slade, let alone anyone here.

JEM MACE.

The dispatch from Mace settles the question, and there is not the least doubt but what Slade is just as great a boxer as reported.

Tom Sayers' battles illustrated by rounds in the grand pictorial supplement to be given away with No. 285 of the POLICE GAZETTE.

On Jan. 6 Patsey O'Brien, of Syracuse, N. Y., a well-known fighter, and Tommy Burns, a Philadelphia pugilist, fought according to the London prize ring rules at Philadelphia for \$100 a side. Last December Burns and O'Brien put on the gloves at Arthur Chambers' saloon, 922 Ridge avenue, Philadelphia, and Burns had the best of the contest. Burns recently met O'Brien, and challenged him to fight. The latter agreed and the preliminaries were arranged. The battle ground was a vacant house, situated on Frankford avenue. There was no roped ring and the room was illuminated by four oil lamps. Burns weighed 164 pounds and O'Brien 150 pounds. Both men were in good condition. Dave McIntosh, a Frankford saloon keeper, was O'Brien's second. The friends of Burns selected "Red" Dugan as his second, and John Macklin acted as referee. At one o'clock in the morning the shivering pugilists faced each other, shook hands and after a few minutes' cautious sparring, O'Brien struck his opponent on the right eye, Burns retaliating by delivering a series of heavy body blows. They clinched and, although Burns had all the best of the fighting, when they broke he came out with a black eye and a pulled lip. The betting was two to one on O'Brien and the odds were greedily taken up by Burns' friends. Up to the sixth round both men were badly punished, but O'Brien was the fresher of the two when he faced his opponent for the seventh round. After cautious sparring Burns attempted to drop, but O'Brien caught him under the chin and sent him sprawling on his back. O'Brien outfought his opponent at all points in the eighth round, and at its termination the odds were two to one in his favor. Owing to the good offices of his seconds, however, Burns rallied in the ninth round and succeeded in landing a terrific right-handed under O'Brien's right ear. O'Brien went down as though he had been shot, and he remained unconscious so long that the crowd became frightened. This turn of fortune revived the waning hopes of Burns' friends. The referee was compelled to call time several times before O'Brien was able to stand. He staggered up at last and Burns promptly floored him with a terrible blow between the eyes. After this Burns had everything his own way and in the two following rounds punished his opponent frightfully. Seeing that O'Brien could not win Macklin threw up the sponge and Burns was declared the victor after fighting fifty-five minutes. Burns is 22 years of age. He defeated Jack Murphy of Philadelphia in September, 1882.

At Greenfield, Mass., recently, Dooney Harris, the veteran middle-weight champion, and James F. Carroll, of Northampton, Mass., made an exciting set-to. Carroll tried hard to knock the veteran out but Dooney kept wide awake, and failed to do so. Carroll intends to give a show in the western part of Massachusetts shortly, and will give any light-weight half the receipts that will stand before him four rounds.

WM. M. WOODSIDE, the champion bicycle rider of Ireland, has challenged John S. Prince, of Boston, to ride a twenty five mile bicycle race for \$100 or \$200 and the championship of America.

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